TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

FOR wrecking the Bank of St. John's, P. H. Roy received a sentence of five years in the Penitentiary at St. Vincent de Paul. For wrecking the Ontario Bank, Charles McGill is now serving a term at Kingston. In considerably less than five years P. H. Roy, if he lives, will be a free man, while already petitions are being circulated to cut short the term of McGill's sentence. But how of the people who have suffered and are still suffering through the mismanagement and peculations of these two men? In and about the little town of St. John's are hundreds of people, some of them old and infirm, who have lost their all through this man Roy. Hard working men and women, saving for their old age, placed their dollars in the Bank of St. John's. They did this up to the very day the bank closed its doors, whereas months previous to the final collapse, the rottenness of the institution was known by insiders in both St. John's and Montreal. In fact it is now stated that the bank virtually never had any paidup capital; that in place of money there were notes, the notes of P. H. Roy and of others equally worthless. Regularly each month the Finance Department at Ottawa received a statement of the Bank of St. John's; and just as regularly, I presume, it was filed away, with never a suggestion that the matter should be investigated; indeed under the present Banking Act there is no provision by which this could be accomplished by the Ottawa Department. The Finance Department under the present Banking Act is a passive organization. It serves to keep track of the five per cent. guarantee fund which the amalgamated banks reserve at Ottawa as a pledge and a guarantee against loss should a bank fail and be unable to redeem its note circulation; but as this note circulation is a first lien upon the assets of the institution, ranking before depositors as well as stockholders, with their double liability, there is small likelihood of its being utilized. Aside from this somewhat profitless routine, and the receiving, printing and filing away of the monthly statements, the Ottawa Department, as operated under the present banking laws, is of no particular service to the people at large.

What is wanted is better protection for depositors, and this I take can only be accomplished by some system of inspection wholly independent of the banks. The Canadian Bankers' Association are by no means powerless in a crisis of the character in question. As well informed bankers, the members must collectively have known something of the business conducted by P. H. Roy; and had they been so minded the Association could unquestionably have obtained sufficient evidence months previous to the final smash to initiate an investigation into the affairs of the Bank of St. John's. But for some reason yet to be explained they deemed such a course unwise, the result being that this shattered institution ran its course and flickered out without hope of resuscitation. As I have said before in these columns the charter of this bank is now as dead as last year's bird's nest. Had the Banker's Association stepped in before Roy took all save the wall paper and the linoleum, it might have proved a valuable asset, for there was a chance then of re-organization, which later on was impossible.

One cannot make people honest or wise by an act of Parliament, but there is unquestionably a method by which unwise and dishonest banking methods can be checked before they have reached the point attained by P. H. Roy and the Bank of St. John's. In Canada here we have, in many respects, an excellent banking system. It is an institution of which the average Canadian is inclined to boast; at the same time it might be bettered materially, so let's get at it.

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MR. ALDRICH, the boss Senatorial tariff booster of the United States, proposes putting a tax of 25 per cent. ad valorem, on Canadian oysters going into the "land of the free." He is doing this for a brother Senator named Piles who has an industry in bivalves which he wishes to protect against Canadian competitors. All I can say is that I wish my friend Piles all the luck in the world. Canada has use for all her oysters without exporting a single one. For years past the Gulf fisheries have been depleted in order to supply even the home demand. The delicious Malpeque, that king of oysters, is year by year, becoming more scarce, while prices have advanced until they are getting to be a too expensive luxury. With a growing country it is up to Canada to take care of her oyster beds, which even now are not over large, nor overstocked. We can well afford to keep our own oysters and allow the United States to keep theirs. Here we have the pure oyster from the uncontaminated waters of the Gulf, while in the United States the local product is largely helped along with sewage water, and typhoid fever is the ordinary accompaniment to an oyster feed.

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WHAT is the difficulty with the colonial policy of the United States? While troubles of a serious nature are brooding in Porto Rico, and prominent writers are drawing attention to the fact that President Taft's recent message to the people of that Island might have come from George III., predicting at the same time that there will be a Porto Rican Bunker Hill; other writers are showing that the policy of the United States toward the Philippines is not only resulting in serious harm, but that ere long internal troubles of a most dangerous character are likely to come to the surface.

After ten years' sovereignty over the Philippines, in which interval of time the world has generally understood that all was well, that the Filipinos were prosperous and happy, and that the United States was giving better Government to these Islands than was ever dreamed of in the old Spanish days, we are brought up short by contrary statements by no less a person than Governor-General James F. Smith, at present Overlord of the Philippine Islands.

Before the members of the Quill Club at Manila recently, Governor-General Smith stated that a gulf was growing up between the two peoples; an era of bad feeling and race hatred had started between the Americans and the Filipinos. Mr. Erving Winslow deals with the question in the North American Review. He says that there is something yet lacking in spite of engineering undertakings, coast surveys, good currency, a fine civil service, sanitation and educational advantages. In the early days of United States domination it would appear that all went well. At least efforts to promote the interests of the country were received with gratitude. The people listened with childlike simplicity to the hopeful assurances. They applauded and offered their help. But now there is a racial division, which in the beginning was nothing but a dividing line, but which has grown to a mountain range.

Several contributary causes are put forth to explain the present situation, but the most prominent of them is the presence of American women in the colony. In the early days U.S. army men frequently visited in Filipino families, but this practice is now tabooed. Some Americans have married Filipino girls, but the doors of social intercourse with their fellow countrymen have now been closed upon them. Another factor contributing largely toward the present conditions are the public schools. It has been found impossible to employ and retain sufficient teachers who have even a smattering of the native language and dialects, the consequence being that the children, of whom not over one-quarter attend school at all, learn nothing but a little English which they proceed to forget in their own homes.

Still another cause contributing toward present conditions is the fact that while the Filipinos are paying largely for great public improvements, such as docks, roads and bridges, the benefits, it is alleged, accrue in enormous proportion to the sovereign "foreigner." A native journal in criticising the administration of Manila states that while the American portion is swept and garnished the Strand upon which the Filipino promenades and which was ever a favorite native resort, is now the city dump.

It all resolves itself down to that old question of taxation without representation; and now the United States finds herself in serious difficulties. She must either do as she has done in Cuba, let the country govern itself, or else pursue the method of the English "Crown Colony." The great difficulty appears to be that the Filipinos are allowed to play with the idea of independence like a child with a toy, with no serious thought, among Americans at least, that their asperations will materialize. These are conditions that as often as not bring on revolutions and bloodshed, and the average American citizen has about come to the conclusion that when his Government paid Spain $20,000,000 for her rights in that far off land they got in return a gold brick and a troublesome one at that.

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ONCE more the Rev. William J. Long, familiarly known as "Nature Fakir Long," returns to his conflict with Theodore Roosevelt. Among other things Dr. Long accuses his fellow graduate of Harvard with being his own press agent, for he insists that there are no reporters on the job, and thus all the information that has come from Africa regarding this hunt must of necessity emanate from Theodore himself. When the ex-President of the United States put Dr. Long in the Ananias Club he stirred up a hornets' nest, for from that day to this the reverend gentleman, who hails from New England, has camped on Theodore's trail. At the same time there is something in Dr. Long's condemnation of this African hunt, for there are few indeed, on this continent at least, who find pleasure in butchering game for the pure love of the slaughter, and this is what ex-President Roosevelt's present trip amounts to. In these days of explosive bullets and rapid fire guns, the accuracy of which can be absolutely depended upon, the largest and most powerful of wild animals are practically at the mercy of the man behind the rifle. It would have been much more to Roosevelt's credit had he left his shooting irons behind and taken a camera instead, leaving these animals at the mercy of the native and his crude and less deadly weapons. Hounding deer, as they do in this country, shooting half tame pheasants, and other "barnyard" fowl as in England, or stabbing semi-wild porkers as is the custom in Germany are all as atrocious as they are barbaric, and it is time that the world outgrew the habit of killing for the "sport" it affords.

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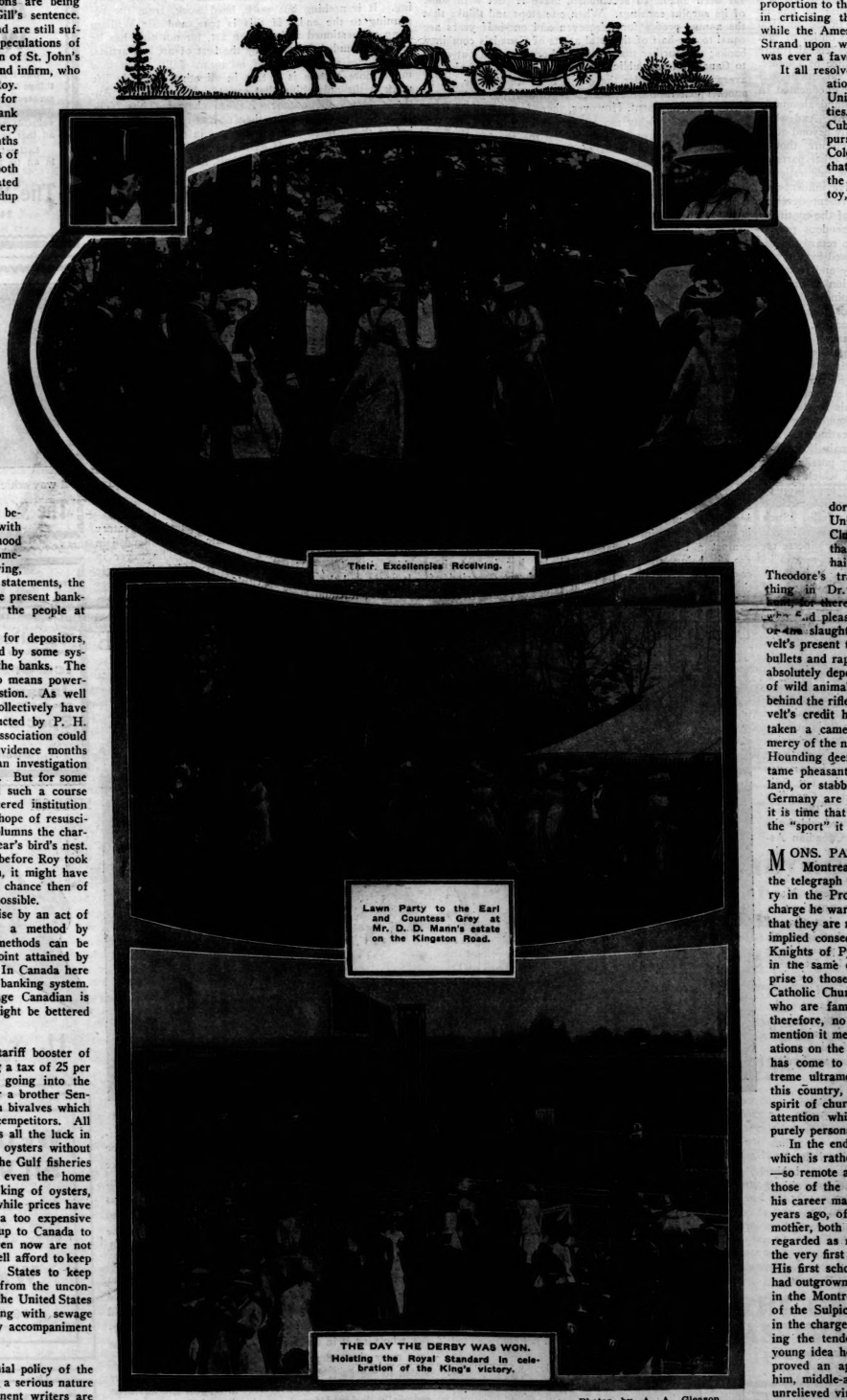
MONS. PAUL BRUCHESI, Catholic Archbishop of Montreal, has again earned for himself a place in the telegraph news by a pronunciamento against Masonry in the Province of Quebec. In a recent pastoral charge he warns French Canadian members of that order that they are not in communion with the Church, and the implied consequences are dreadful to contemplate. The Knights of Pythias and the Oddfellows are also placed in the same category. This should occasion little surprise to those who are familiar with the feeling of the Catholic Church on this subject, and still less to those who are familiar with Mons. Paul Bruchesi. I have therefore, no intention of discussing this question. I mention it merely as a starting point for a few considerations on the character and significance of the man who has come to be regarded as the representative of extreme ultramontane tendencies among the Catholics of this country, and as the embodiment of the mediaeval spirit of church control. In this respect he deserves an attention which is hardly his due on other and more purely personal grounds.

In the endeavor to get some insight into a character which is rather difficult to judge by latter day standards—so remote are its ways of thought and its ideals from those of the average man of to-day—a brief outline of his career may be of help. Born in Montreal about fifty years ago, of an Italian father and a French-Canadian mother, both of whom even among a devout people were regarded as models of religious devotion, he was from the very first brought under the influence of the Church. His first school-teachers were nuns, and then, when he had outgrown their pious care, he was placed as a student in the Montreal College, which is entirely in the hands of the Sulpician priests. Here he spent his first youth in the charge of men who are adepts in the art of rearing the tender thought to the Lord, and teaching the young idea how to shoot towards the ministry. And he proved an apt pupil. Boys who went to school with him, middle-aged men now, tell stories of his career of unrelieved virtue, of his application to his studies, of his unfailing observance of every college rule, of his piety, his decorum, and his general and most unboylike good conduct. Naturally he became a priest: there was no other career possible for one of his temperament and upbringing. As soon as his college course was over he entered the Grand Seminary at Montreal, and there in almost complete seclusion from the actual workaday world he studied for the ministry. Thus in all the formative period of his career he was subject to powerful influences of the most reactionary character, and lived amongst men who prided themselves on their mediaeval cast of thought. In the due course of time he was made a priest, was attached to the service of the cathedral, be-



Photos by A. A. Gleason.

INCIDENTS OF THE VISIT OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND COUNTESS GREY TO TORONTO.

came a canon. Finally, about fifteen years ago, he was consecrated Archbishop of Montreal, and in this connection his Italian name and his reputation for uncompromising devotion to the system are not likely to have been regarded as obstacles. And from the point of view of the powers that rule at Rome his choice has been fully justified. He has worked tirelessly and with all his energy for the enforcement of the most rigid discipline, he has maintained a spiritual despotism almost unparalleled on this continent, and in general has done all that in him lay for the revival of the ages of faith—also sometimes called "dark." As a result of this unceasing and eager endeavor, he was able to send a letter to the Pope and the newspapers at the time of the Bull against Modernism, stating with understandable pride that there was not a vestige of modern thought in all his diocese. And he was quite within the facts. His clergy were absolutely untouched by the "new thought," and not greatly bothered by any other. Intellectual opposition had simply never occurred to them.

It is this unswerving devotion to a system older than all the systems of the earth, this perfection of smooth running as a cog in a world-wide machine, which makes Archbishop Bruchesi such an interesting figure. He is a striking and significant personality, because he has no personality outside his office, and because in the fanatical fulfillment of what he conceives to be the duties of that office, he is doing much to decide the intellectual future of the most important part of the Province of Quebec. It is an old reproach that Quebec has no intellectual standing, that the mass of its people are uneducated in any real sense of the world, that they stand absolutely aside from the currents of modern thought. And while this is undoubtedly exaggerated, it is equally beyond question that the average of education and culture, though not of intelligence, is lower there than in other parts of the country. And the reason for it is the unquestioned dominance of the church and the agressive influence of such men as Mons. Bruchesi. In his present development he would be impossible in any part of the continent except Quebec, but there he wields tremendous power. And he is using this enormous influence to retard the advance of the people along the lines followed by the rest of the world. And he does this advisedly and from the very highest motives. There is no question in his case of self-interest or of anything but single-minded devotion to his ideal—the only trouble is that this ideal is the ideal of a very much foreshortened Thomas A. Beckett. He is distinctly and avowedly reactionary. He has shown this plainly by his energetic opposition to the movement for the appointment of a Minister of Public Instruction in Quebec, and the bringing of that important department more directly under the control of the Government. Mons. Bruchesi felt that this would mean a diminution of church influence, and he fought the measure and was mainly instrumental in defeating it. The school system of Quebec will therefore remain in its present condition—there is little likelihood or possibility of its falling much lower. Another point on which he has frequently and vehemently proclaimed his opposition to any kind of compromise is in the matter of marriage between Catholics and those of any other faith. Such marriages cannot be performed in his diocese, although these stringent rules exist in hardly any other diocese on the continent. These are only two of the many ways in which he has shown since his election to the Episcopacy his determination to rule his diocese in the spirit of the times of Hildebrand. Altogether Archbishop Bruchesi is a most interesting figure in the spiritual life of this country, not because of what he is in himself, but because of what he stands for. And he suggests to the observer some important problems, concerning as they do the future of a very large section of the Dominion.

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A GOOD deal of tommy rot is being published respecting the lack of news facilities between Canada and Great Britain. As a matter of fact Canada is sending by cable to Britain easily ten times as much information respecting this country as was the case ten years ago; while in return there is hardly an event of importance taking place in the Old Country which is not fully chronicled here the day after it happens. Canadian journals are to-day spending a good many thousands yearly in special cable tolls, while to that are added the services of the Associated Press and the Canadian Associated Press. Of course we do not get by cable the back stair gossip of London, nor do we want it, but when it comes to matters of prime importance we are kept pretty well informed by our metropolitan papers. Many of our larger dailies employ special representatives in London, who not only summarize the news, but give us as well practically all the current gossip that is worth the price. On the other hand the English papers have now dozens of correspondents in Canada who, from day to day, cable their respective papers the leading events of the Dominion, while the financial affairs of Canada are not only covered by cable, but by regular weekly letters as well. For my part I think that the papers both in this country and in England are now giving about all that is worth while, but it has become the fashion to deprecate the lack of news, "you know," and we are having a hard time getting over it.

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"CANADA as a field for British investment," was the title of a paper read before the Royal Society of London recently by J. Obed Smith, assistant superintendent of emigration. From the fact that the paper has been rather widely quoted I should judge that it has attracted no little attention in England and has probably done some good. If Mr. Smith has any luck prevailing upon Britishers to invest further money in Canada (and there seems no reason why hundreds of millions of English capital should not be invested in the good things that this new continent is giving the man with money), then let him come over to Canada and try his hand upon our own citizens, who prefer rather to invest their money in Central and South American projects.

We really have a fine list of Brazilian, Porto Rican, and Mexican corporations, all of which have been promoted and financed by Canadian capitalists. There are, for instance, the Mexican Tramways, the Mexican Light and Power Company, the Porto Rico Railway, the Rio de Janeiro Company, the Sao Paulo Company and numerous others, all of which have drained the Dominion of capital which should by rights have been invested at home. But while we go to revolutionary South American countries, where the ruling classes are largely composed of a mixture of Negro and Portuguese, Indian and Spanish, and where they start a revolution with the ease and facility with which a white man changes his shirt, we call upon the Britisher to come over here and invest his money. We demand it of him in a polite sort of a way, for we point out as Mr. J. Obed Smith did in his address, that the investment of British capital in Canada makes for union, and we say with a flourish that in this sort of a union there is unquestioned strength.

I would suggest that Mr. Smith take the next steamer back from England and inaugurate here in Canada a campaign on home investments. He might point out to us as he has done to the people of Britain that there are fields of investment in oyster growing, in whaling, fish industries, in water powers, in opening up wild land, in wheat growing, and in a hundred other things which many of our capitalists appear to have overlooked. He might also call together the members of the Canadian Bankers' Association and point out to them that in loaning their money on South American ventures they are taking far more chances and are besides doing Canada a vast deal of harm.

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FINANCIAL papers are now noting the fact that the Standard Oil Company has in the past seven and one-half years paid in dividends $303,000,000, while the total profits in that same period amounted to $553,000,000, thus leaving the company a surplus over and above dividend requirements of just a shade less than $250,000,000, or equal to 250 per cent. on the outstanding stock of the corporation. It occurs to me to be a pity that the Standard is not an English corporation, for then Lloyd-George might possibly do what the United States has so far been unable to accomplish, make it part with some of its surplus earnings. When one stops and thinks that the annual profits for this seven and one-half years are equal to one-half of the total assets of Canada's combined banks; and further that the annual profits are about equal to Canada's total public revenue, it's enough to make the average man consider the question of whether or not in another generation the Standard will own the major portion of the continent. However, there is some disposition to back these mighty monopolists down the hill, for the Austrian government has forbidden the purchase, by the Standard, of the oil wells of Galicia. They feared that the dominating influence of that corporation would reduce the Galician oil men to a state of slavish dependence. After all we can once in a while go to Europe for pointers.

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MANY stock brokers refuse absolutely to carry a woman's account, while all fight more or less shy of having representatives of the fair sex take prominent place on their books. A reason for this might be found in the extraordinary suit instituted against a brokerage firm by a Toronto lady, and recently decided in favor of the defendant by Mr. Justice MacMahon. The lady in the case in the witness box some time ago naively acknowledged that she did not know one stock from another, what their respective values are or where located. From the testimony it appears that the lady's introduction to this little game of chance was back in 1902, at which time she went into C.P.R. and made some money out of it. The next investment was not so fortunate for she stood to lose the $400 she had made on the previous transaction. But here the plaintiff's sense of the fitness of things came to her rescue. She threatened suit against the brokerage firm with whom she had been dealing, and they settled out of court. After numerous other transactions, and changes of brokerage firms the lady found herself again on the wrong side of the market. This time the sum was $1,500 and again she sued, collecting the amount demanded. The suit just decided which brought out the interesting evidence detailed above was against a third brokerage firm for the sum of $8,153.46, being the amount paid by her in margins, commissions and interest over a protracted period of time. The fair plaintiff alleged that the brokerage firm did not buy the stock, or if they did, they converted it to their own uses. Mr. Justice MacMahon in rendering judgment in favor of the brokerage firm stated that the brokers in question had the right to hypothecate the stock of a client so long as it was not pledged for an amount in excess of the amount owed by a client.

This case is of interest for two reasons: First as showing that a woman's reasoning faculties when it comes down to plain, ordinary business may take extraordinary twists, and secondly, if the judgment had been in favor of the plaintiff the speculative stock brokerage business of Canada would have been pronounced dead and buried.

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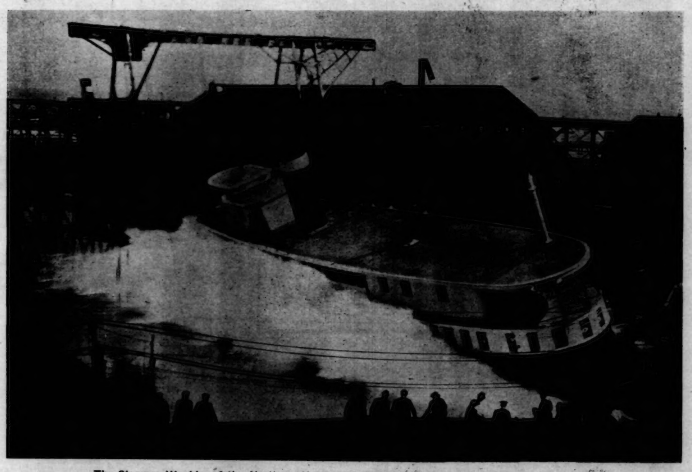
SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE is a believer in work. He throws aside the cherished tradition that man may achieve greatness by the intellect born within him. "Ideas and methods," he says, speaking of art, "count for little. It is work that tells." This rustling railway king says that an artistic temperament is only an excuse for laziness. Sir William is no more a believer in the inspiration of art than he is in the inspiration of the track man or the engineer on the C.P.R. He argues that there is no royal road to success in picture painting. It is nothing but work, hard work, from the beginning to the end. If this is true, and Sir William is an unquestioned authority on art, for not only has he been surrounded for years by the best of art and artists, but is a painter himself of no mean ability, then how much more certain is it that in all other walks in life work is the only thing that counts. It is said that Anthony Hope, the author of those charming bits "The Dolly Dialogues," rewrote them no less than twenty times before the finished product was put in the hands of the printer. They read as if dashed off in an inspired moment. They neither stumble nor halt, nor is there a straining after effect, but at the same time every word was weighed again and again, every sentence written and rewritten time after time. Sir William says, in this interview, which is to be found on another page of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, that he believes that any man of ordinary intelligence who painted every day for ten years would become a notable painter. That's it. Paint every day, work every day. It was work and lots of it that brought Sir William Van Horne to the forefront of the railway world. It is the only thing that spells success.

THE COLONEL.

The Viscount d'Avenel in Paris recently said that in 1909 France finds herself ten times richer than she was in the Middle Ages, and six times richer than she was seventy-five years ago, during the time of King Louis Philippe. This wealth has been acquired almost entirely during the last half-century, and is in the hands of the army of small land-owners who have taken the place of the few owners of vast estates which have been broken up. France has a very small number of people possessing large fortunes. Only 5,000 have incomes of $20,000 a year. There are only ten millionaires who enjoy incomes above a million.

Zurich, Switzerland, has an astronomical observatory which is not only open to the public, but is intended in part for the instruction of the public. The tower in which the telescope is operated is accessible by electric elevators and the telescope itself is available for visitors both by night and by day when it is fitted for solar observations.

BUILDING UP CANADA'S MARINE



The Steamer Waubic, of the Northern Navigation Company, launched Tuesday at Collingwood

GLADYS MACDONALD,
The pretty little godmother of the Waubic.

A PRETTY scene was witnessed at Collingwood recently when the steamer Waubic was launched. As the ship slipped from the ways, a charming little lassie broke a bottle of wine across its bow according to the ancient custom, and the christening of the new lake boat was complete. The Waubic, which is the latest addition to the fleet of the Northern Navigation Company, and the third steel vessel to be built for them at Collingwood, is to be used in the Georgian Bay district, and will travel between Penetang, Midland, Parry Sound, and Point au Baril. It speaks well for the growth in popularity of this district that a new boat of the type of the Waubic should be required to carry the ever increasing number of tourists who visit it in the season. And it is also stated that in a very short time still another boat will have to be added to the fleet. The Waubic is a twin-screw steamer almost one hundred and fifty feet in length, and has been especially designed for the navigation of the narrow and tortuous channels between the islands of Georgian Bay, which are so numerous as to have earned the name of the "Thirty Thousand Islands." If a very successful launching can be regarded as a good omen for the future of a vessel, the Waubic should be an unusually fortunate craft. And certainly it is seldom that a boat slides into the water with so charming a sponsor as little Miss Gladys Macdonald, who is the daughter of Mr. C. Macdonald, the comptroller of the Northern Navigation Company. As a souvenir of the christening the dainty little godmother was afterwards presented with a pretty gold bracelet-watch.

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TORONTO MONTREAL

Montreal, June 3, 1909.

THE Dominion Textile Co. and the threatened cotton strike appear to be among the topics of interest, in Montreal financial circles, this week. Speaking of the Dominion Textile Co. reminds one of the managing-director and second vice-president of the concern, Mr. C. B. Gordon. An exceedingly nice chap to talk to is he,—fair-haired and innocent looking, much too young for his job, one would at first think. Later, you conclude that he is quite able to look after himself under any ordinary business conditions. When, as a cub newspaper reporter, you went to him to find out how the latest cotton strike was geting along, you probably came away wondering where it was you got the idea that there was a strike and you swore vengeance against the fool city editor who sent you to the wrong shop. Like as not, Gordon never heard of the strike at all. That, at least, was the impression you got, though, after you had reported the matter to the city-editor and he had expressed his opinion of you, you began to wonder whether Gordon had actually said he never heard of the strike.

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His Innocent Face.—The more you see of him, however, the more convinced you become that he really knows a lot about a number of transactions which would take you a long time to understand thoroughly and a still longer time to execute. As you sit opposite him and deliberate upon these things, the bright innocence of that face fascinates you. You can't help wondering, all the time, if he really had anything to do with that Textile merger and if he would relate to you the details of the manipulations leading up thereto if you asked him. Only you don't ask him. fearing he might be offended or hurt or something. So you ask, insteatl, about the strike, or the activities at the mills, or the promised raise of wages. He answers you just as he did before,—courteously, candidly and with such a lack of restraint that you feel you are his friend forever. You feel you want to go right out and publish the harrowing tale so that the public may know what a hard row the company has to hoe.

LT.-COL. CARSON,
President and one of the largest stockholders of the Crown Reserve, one of Cobalt's big money-makers.

⁂

Such is C. B. Gordon. He probably keeps the operatives guessing for a considerable period, also, when they come asking for raises of wages. A year ago, owing to lack of business and consequently of profits, the mills were on the verge of closing down, temporarily, so it was claimed, and as a result the operatives submitted to a cut of 10 per cent. in wages, in order to keep things going. They were to be restored to their former wages as soon as possible. All the past spring, owing to the improvement in trade, the operatives have been trying to get back to the old wage-list. A few weeks ago they submitted the matter to arbitration, and the arbitration went against them. Now they threaten to go on strike unless they get a five per cent. advance, it is said. Two out of three of the arbitrators declared that the depression of some time since still existed and that consequently the operatives were not entitled to a raise yet, it seems the employees are not convinced. They propose, apparently to put the matter to the test. Presumably, if the decision of the arbitrators is correct the company will not be able to afford the advance and there will be a strike; if the opinions of the employees are correct, the strikers should win, now or soon. And in this connection, we recall an interview with Mr. Gordon in which he was represented as stating how active the mills were, which statement seems to the outsider strangely at variation with that of the arbitrators who declare that the trade depression still exists.

Cut of 10 per cent.

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Notwithstanding the poor year experienced by the Dominion Textile Co., the report presented at the annual meeting of shareholders last week, shows that the company was able to report a profit of nearly $9,000, after paying all interests and dividend and other charges. This includes the 5 per cent. dividend on the $5,000,000 outstanding common stock, which amounts to the modest sum of $250,000. If that common stock is not water, it would be interesting to know what is. Surely the plant of and entire property of the company could be replaced for the amount of the bonded indebtedness, and certainly if we add to that the $1,858,088 outstanding 7 per cent. preferred stock, the entire actual value would be represented. But the common stock, having been created and distributed, cries aloud for dividends. Even though it represents not one cent contributed to the plant or business, it will be claimed that the business is not paying so long as dividends are not paid on it. Last year, wages were cut in order that the business might pay. Make an idol and you will soon cast about to find sacrifices thereto. It is a peculiarity of mankind not at all confined to any peoples or companies.

The Annual Report.

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There were other companies interested in the textile trades which held their annual meetings, last week and which reported decreased earnings. Canadian Converters, John P. Black, president, reported a very bad year. Here was a case where the dividend was passed, reference to which act has been made before. The company, however, was enabled to reduce its bonded indebtedness $45,000 during the year, so that it will be in a very much improved condition. The Mount Royal Spinning Co. also held its annual meeting. The company is not in full operation. The cotton mill has, however, started work, the bleaching and print works are about completed and the machinery is being installed as rapidly as possible. In another year, possibly, the financial results will be manifest. The Canadian Colored Cotton Co., Mr. D. Morrice, president, also held its meeting. It reported a falling off in sales amounting to $600,000, total shipments for the year amounting to $2,354,608. This is a tidy little sum at the worst. It enabled the company to pay its interest and other charges, dividends of 4 per cent. on the common stock and carry forward $14,336. It was a bad year for the textiles.

Canadian Converters.

⁂

Toronto, June 3, 1909.

Although not legal holidays, the members of the Toronto Stock Exchange decided to close up shop on Saturday and Monday last. The London and New York exchanges were also closed on those days, the British, as was customary, observing their Whitsuntide holidays, and the Americans keeping Decoration Day, an institution which is the result of the great struggle between the North and the South in the early 60's. International trading in securities has become such a feature that a holiday in one big financial centre makes a marked difference in another part of in hand for securities doubt- the globe. With a restricted market owing to these holidays, and such an attraction as the spring races being on here, it did not take long for the local brokers to decide what to do. So the Toronto people closed their exchange. The orders less were not very numerous, and it was a little diversion to take a chance on the ponies instead of the usual daily scalp of a fraction or two on the fluctuations of stocks. While outsiders, or the public, are not in the stock market to any extent, there is, nevertheless, more than the usual buying for investment. Although June is not a big month for dividend and interest disbursements, still there are about a dozen banks and a number of industrial concerns that make payments to shareholders this month, and a large proportion of it will be reinvested in stocks. It is said that the speculative interests in Toronto is larger in United States securities than in the issues of purely Canadian Companies, and this may be another reason why local brokers closed up on the Wall Street holiday. It is worth noting that the Montreal Stock Exchange was the only important one open for business on the days mentioned, and quite a lot of transactions were put through. These were chiefly in purely Canadian issues.

One reason given for the local preference for United States securities is that they are carried more cheaply than our own. While money is cheap here, it is cheaper on Wall Street. The difference in the rates of interest charged clients is 1 per cent. in favor of New York as against Toronto. Another thing that favors the American metropolis is the active and broad market. However, the increasing lists of Canadian securities offer greater inducements than heretofore to trade at home, and the action of the Montreal Board in not closing on United States holidays is to be commended.

⁂

Canadian borrowings of money continue large. There appears to be no let up either on the part of municipalities or the government. The latest is the provincial loan by Ontario, which until a few years ago had no outstanding obligations. They now amount to $7,000,000. This was authorized in 1902 for the building of the Temiscaming and Northern Ontario Ry. Co. A syndicate of local bankers this week took $1,150,000 of 4 per cent. thirty-year bonds, which will net the Province par. This last issue makes the full compliment of seven millions. The price is considered satisfactory in view of the fact that these bonds are subject to succession duties. The sale was greatly facilitated by the large surpluses held by our financial institutions. A government loan of £10,000,000 is expected to be on the London market soon. This will be by long odds the largest Colonial flotation ever made at one time, but in view of Canada's immediate necessities, it does not look out of the way. Three-fourths or more of the amount will be required in paying off maturing obligations.

Our Flotations.

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No better proof of the condition of trade could be given than the clearings of banks. These continue to show good increases, and for the five months of the present year those of Toronto banks are the greatest on record. This increase naturally reflects expanding trade and commerce, and a return to normal conditions is assured in the near future. Manufacturers and merchants are renewing their stocks of goods, which during the past two years were allowed to run down pretty low; and should the present season's crops turn out as well as they now promise, it is more than likely that business will become very active before the winter sets in. Bank clearings in Toronto for the month of May reached $116,363,162, an increase of $27,500,000 as compared with May of last year, while Montreal's figtures reached $144,131,938, an increase of $26,500,000

Improving Business.

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Toronto Railway stock continues to be bought up by the Montreal crowd, who seem to have much more faith in its intrinsic value than the home people. The local crowd always talk "termination of the franchise," but there are a dozen years yet to run, and at the end of that time it is by no means safe betting that there

Toronto Rails.

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON
Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.
Capital Paid-Up - - $2,500,000
Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000
Total Assets Over Thirty Million Dollars
TORONTO: 34 YONGE ST.
BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO
Cor. Yonge and Gould — Cor. Queen and Spadina
Cor. College and Ossington — West Toronto
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
100 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

Savings Bank Department at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

We receive Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
An account may be opened by the deposit of $1—on which interest will be allowed.
TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

NORTHERN CROWN BANK
DIVIDEND NOTICE NO. 5
Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two and one-half per cent. upon the paid-up capital stock of this Institution has been declared for the half year ending 30th June, 1909, being at the rate of five per cent. per annum, and that the same will be payable at its banking house in this city, and at all of its branches, on and after the second day of July next to shareholders of record of the 15th day of June.
By order of the Board.
R. CAMPBELL,
General Manager.
Winnipeg, 27th May, 1909.

DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS
Foreign Drafts AND Travellers' Cheques
Issued in the Money of the Country on which drawn
PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD
Money Transferred by Telegraph or Cable — Toronto Office 48 Yonge St. — Foreign Money Bought and Sold

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00
THE METROPOLITAN BANK
No delay in withdrawal.
Capital Paid-up $1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits $1,277,404.49

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Fifty per cent. greater increase in Canadian business than any other company—Canadian, English, or Foreign. THE STRONGEST POSSIBLE EVIDENCE THAT POLICY-HOLDERS ARE WELL SATISFIED WITH THEIR POLICIES.
Premium rates, with or without profits, are lower than other companies charge, while PROFITS TO POLICY-HOLDERS ARE MUCH HIGHER, because management expenses are the lowest and interest earnings the highest.
Ask our Agents for Annual Report and Record for 1908, and be on guard against the anonymous letter distributor and his friends, the blackmailing journalists, with whom we do not advertise.
Two experienced, active Inspectors required. The right men, with good records, will be paid adequate salaries.
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CANADA PERMANENT BUILDING
18 TORONTO STREET

Converting Investments Into Cash
It is generally conceded that part of one's investments should be quickly convertible into cash. Send for our list of high-grade public utility bonds.
W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.
Bond Dealers
222 St. James Street - - - - - - - - - - MONTREAL

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

Capital Authorized..... $10,000,000
Capital Paid-up 5,000,000
Rest 5,000,000

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Available in any part of the world. Special attention given to collections.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Interest allowed on deposits at all Branches of the Bank throughout the Dominion of Canada.

By Royal Warrant

to His Majesty the King

G·H·MUMM & CO
EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite dry champagne imported.

SELECTED BRUT

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of **G. H. MUMM & Co.** is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

Royal warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by

His Majesty King Edward VII.
His Majesty The German Emperor.
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
His Majesty The King of Italy.
His Majesty The King of Sweden.
His Majesty The King of Denmark.
His Majesty The King of the Belgians.
His Majesty The King of Spain.

"The quality goes in before the name goes on."

BREDIN'S
HOME-MADE
BREAD

One of the "qualities" Bredin's breads are noted for is their unvarying fulfillment of the law regardnig weight.

Every ounce of Bredin's home made bread is good, and every loaf is full twenty ounces. Therefore a full weight loaf of the finest bread ever baked.

The law demands fixed quantity — Bredin's demand highest quality—and both demands are fully met.

5 cents the loaf.

Bredin's Bakeshops, 160-164 Avenue road. Phone College 761. Bloor and Dundas streets. Phone Parkdale 1585.

Cosgrave's Pale Ale

contains all the tonic properties of hops and the stimulating health building qualities of malt.

Let your next order be COSGRAVE'S

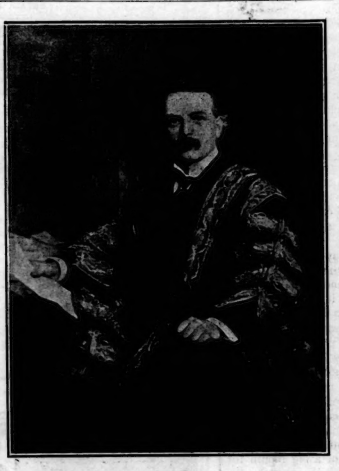
At all bars and dealers

will be no renewal of the said franchise. The Street Railway agreement is one of the city's most valuable assets, and Mr. Mackenzie is not asleep with regard to the surrounding radial lines. Very large increases are being made in the earnings of Toronto Railway. The gross earnings for the past month will be something like $321,000, or $25,000 more than for the corresponding month of last year.

***

Stocks Higher.

Still higher records for several years have been made in the prices of a number of Canadian securities this week. Canadian Pacific, Toronto Railway, Mackay common, Coal, Lake of the Woods and Ogilvie Milling, are among the number. These issues continue to be quietly absorbed by investors, and when there is any special demand for them, prices advance quickly owing to limited floating supply. The cheapness of money is the underlying strength of the market, while the outlook is promising enough to justify the expectation of good times in trade in the near future. It is noted that while the Canadian bank statement shows the cash resources in the Dominion to have increased during April, the loans and discounts have also expanded. There is a likelihood of a considerable demand for money later on, to be followed by the necessities for the crop-moving season, which is reasonably certain to have some effect in reducing the supply of surplus cash, and in strengthening the rates for money.



THE RIGHT HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.
By Sir Luke Fildes, R.A.

Puzzled by Canadian Humor.

London, Ontario, May 22, 1909.

EDITOR SATURDAY NIGHT: I am an Englishman, and I confess I cannot understand your Canadian and American humor.

Now to-day, for instance, (I am spending the week-end with a very charming young society matron here) I was out with my hostess at the Country Club, when one of the members, evidently an old friend of my hostess came in from a round of golf. My hostess called out to him: "Oh, Mr. ———, I've just got a telegram and Shimonese has won the King's Plate."

"That's good," said the golfer; "I hope you had lots on her."

"No," said my friend, "unfortunately only five dollars."

"Dear me," said the golfer, "that's bad. Why you ought to have had your boots on—and—and even your Shimonese."

Now would you tell me, pray, if you can, where the joke or point was in this? I confess I couldn't see it at the time, and I can't see it now. And yet everybody laughed immoderately.

Yours truly,
BACHELOR.

The Way of the Wed.

IF there was one trait of her character which especially appealed to him, it was her scrupulous delicacy of soul—that stuff o' the conscience which she put into even the trivialities of life, that exquisite and unfailing sense of what was due to others. He thought of it now with pride and humility as he watched her flitting about the room, their room, arranging the wedding gifts on their return from the honeymoon.

"By the way," he asked suddenly, "where have you put that handsome clock the Browns sent?"

"Oh, that? Why, I sent it back to the store and am going to take a lamp instead."

"What! You sent back——"

"Why, of course, you silly boy, you don't suppose I'd want two clocks, do you?"

There was no answering this feminine logic, so he lapsed into silence for a while.

"Have you sent anything else back?" he asked finally.

"Yes—there was that silver egg-set Sadie Walters sent. It was pretty, but those things tarnish so, you know. I got a lovely vase for that. And then so many people sent spoons—there were enough to stock a hotel. I took a lot of them back and exchanged them for the most beautiful handpainted salad dish you ever saw. But what makes you look at me like that?"

"Nothing—only I was thinking that sort of thing would be all right with relatives' gifts. You could explain to them, but——"

"Relatives? Why, there is no need of changing their presents, stupid. I told them what I wanted, and went with some of them so there would be no mistake. But for the men folks, of course I made them give me the money. That is always the safest."

He gave a sigh at the passing of an illusion.

"Well, at any rate, I am glad you didn't change that little brooch my aunt gave you. It's a sort of old family possession and it looks very quaint and pretty on your dress there."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't think of it, dear. The jeweler said the stones and the gold weren't worth much, and that those old-fashioned pins were coming back to style. So I decided to keep it."

"That was awfully good of you. But since you were changing things that weren't useful or you didn't want, I wonder you didn't get rid of that little old watch I gave you—it never kept time, you know, and now you have a new one."

"Oh, Jack, how could you? The little watch we used to time ourselves by in the evening because it always stopped, and then you could stay as late as you liked? Oh, Jack, Jack! But then you men never have any sentiment about presents anyway."

The prize list of the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, is completed, and copies are being distributed. The Exhibition this year begins on August 28 and closes September 13. Premiums to the amount of $50,000 are offered in the various departments, in which are included about everything grown, manufactured, or mined in Canada. And the management expects an attendance of a million. The officers this year are: W. K. McNaught, M.P.P., honorary president; Geo. H. Gooderham, M.P.P., president; John G. Kent and Mayor Oliver, vice-presidents; J. O. Orr, manager and secretary. Mr. H. J. P. Good, who recently resigned his position as press agent to take over the management of The Canadian Sportsman, is succeeded by Mr. J. K. Munro, formerly of The Evening Telegram.

Dr. Gustave Le Bon, the French physicist, calls attention to Hertzian waves as the future agent of universal peace. Hertzian waves are the electrical pulsations in the ether which are at present mainly used in wireless telegraphy, and, once propagated, they move in all directions. If they could be controlled and concentrated they could be made enormously destructive to material objects. Having such possible developments in mind, Dr. Le Bon prophesied, according to The Paris Matin, "That the discovery of an apparatus for transmitting parallel Hertzian waves would render war impossible." For this purpose it would be necessary to use parabolic mirrors 10,000 yards or more than five miles high.

When Andrew Carnegie offered to build seventy-eight libraries for New York City on condition that the city would provide the sites and books it was estimated that the municipality would not have to spend more than $2,000,000 to carry out its part of the contract. Comptroller Metz recently reported that the city has as yet only secured fifty-five sites and in purchasing these has overrun the original estimate. He figures that by the time the city gets the remaining sites the cost will be $3,387,525.

There are five States in the American Union where capital punishment does not exist—Maine, Michigan, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, and Kansas. In the last-named State the death penalty may be inflicted upon a warrant of the governor, but such a warrant never is signed.

The Famous Wright Brothers.

ORVILLE and Wilbur Wright, the flying-machine inventors, have returned to the United States after a triumphal series of aeronautical demonstrations in Europe. They were honored by people of high and low degree everywhere. King Edward himself met them and went out to view their performances, so did the young King of Spain; and the Wright boys, as they are called, have gone back to their native land quite unspoiled, it is said. A writer in Current Literature trusts that this is true, and hopes that they will not "go up in the air" in any but a literal sense.

The Wrights are—like Marconi—very young men to have achieved what many people have considered the impossible. Wilbur, the clean-shaven, lean-faced brother—the one who looks like a real Yankee inventor—is the younger. He is only thirty-three. Orville, who wears a moustache and who doesn't look very impressive in his pictures, is the elder, with thirty-seven years behind him. These two young men were born in Ohio, sons of an impecunious preacher. They had no wealthy friends or patrons to help them along—no scientific society to boost them. They had no technical training and little education. They earned a living by keeping a bicycle repair shop, and worked away on the flying machine problem at their leisure and on their own meagre resources. They were laughed at, of course, but they kept on working until they "got there." A writer in The Boston Transcript says:

"So much has been written about the Wrights, silent and modest though they have been about their studies of the air, that it is hard to separate the true from the fanciful. One fact, however, stands out in regard to their success: It has been the result of careful scientific investigation, tireless zeal in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties, and not the caprice of luck or the outcome of dare-deviltry. The Wrights are students, not adventurers; cautious experimenters, with nothing of recklessness. Their profession, which began as their pastime, has been pursued with serious aim, disregard for heroics and indifference to public clamor for spectacular races and fancy exhibitions. To-day the Governments of the world are clamoring for an opportunity to get their ideas."

The father of the Wrights was a bishop in the United Brethren church, and he wanted them to become preachers. But they were of a mechanical turn of mind, and when they were very young lads they dreamed of making a conquest of the air. They experimented first with kites, and read all the books on aviation they could lay their hands on. For twelve years they worried away at the problem. Then in 1900 they had a machine that would sail, but it would not carry a man. Three years later they had one that did carry a man, but only for a minute. It is said that "this was the first dynamic flying machine that had ever raised itself by its own power, with a man in it." In 1904 their machine flew a mile; and in 1905, twenty-four miles. Since then the Wrights have been steadily improving on their invention.

THE FLYING WRIGHTS.
The Wright brothers, Orville on the left, Wilbur on the right, and Miss Wright, the first woman to make an ascent in an aeroplane, in the centre.

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MINERAL WATER

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A BOTTLE CONTAINS MANY DOSES

MANUFACTURERS OF ARTISTIC

GAS & ELECTRIC FIXTURES,

THE JAMES MORRISON BRASS MFG. CO. LIMITED
TORONTO

You are invited to call and inspect our goods For comparison on prices.

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Accounts handled for Churches, Lodges, Societies, and Athletic and other organizations. Every assistance accorded the treasurers who have such funds in charge. Full compound interest paid on credit balances.

There are several reasons why I can fill doctors' prescriptions cheaper than anyone else.

First, I make a specialty of prescriptions and am perfectly equipped to fill a great many every day. So I buy in larger quantities and to better advantage than most druggists.

I do not guess at the price or gauge it according to the size of the bottle—all my prices are based on the actual cost of the drugs.

I know I can fill your prescriptions for less than most druggists will. Then you're always certain of correct quantities and absolutely pure, fresh drugs. Phone Main 2991.

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Just before going out apply to the face and arms a little

SANITOL FACE CREAM

The Oxygen Face Cream

It will protect your skin from the ravages of wind, dust and smoke. Put on your gloves and veil immediately, they will not become soiled because, Sanitol Face Cream contains no grease. It is instantly absorbed, entering the pores, neutralizing the skin impurities by its oxygen and antiseptic properties. It feeds the blood tissues and produces a delightfully healthy, beautiful skin. A perfect complexion cream. Pure white, delicately scented and agreeable to use.

25c. everywhere

PIANO SHOES
GLASS BASE, CUT HALF SIZE.

Canadian Patent, Dec. 11, 1906.

The Sliding Piano Shoe

The Glass Base Shoe takes the place of the old-time Castor, and produces an improvement in the sound of music, acting as an insulator. This Shoe improves the appearance as well, and having large bearing will not injure polished floors or carpets, and can be moved easily by one person. These Shoes are easily attached, and being made adjustable will move over any uneven surface there may be in the floor. Ask your Dealer. If he cannot supply you, write us for free circular.

ONWARD MANUFACTURING CO.
BERLIN, - - ONT.

Collar Comfort

is yours if you wear

"Red-Man" Collars

Sold in the best shops in all shapes and sizes at 3 for 50 cents.

START WELL
BY USING
SYMINGTON'S
EDINBURGH
COFFEE
ESSENCE
..TO..
BREAKFAST

A secret worth knowing:
IT IS so refreshing on a hot dusty day to use
CALVERT'S
Carbolic Toilet Soap.
It quickly removes dust and perspiration, and leaves a pleasant feeling of perfect cleanliness. Pure in quality—as your skin requires—and a protection against contagious diseases, being prepared with 10% cru-Carbolic.
25 cents at your druggists. For sample send 2c. stamp F. C. Calvert & Co., 349, Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

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The most complete and best finished 4, 5 and 6-room housekeeping apartments in Toronto. Suites from $30.00 to $60.00. For particulars apply to Janitor on the premises.
*Phone Nanton Court, North 1790.

CLEANING LADIES' CLOTHING
Our large experience, skilled workpeople and splendidly equipped works assure satisfaction to the most particular people. Phone for our waggon to call.
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Cleaners and Dyers, Toronto.
201 and 791 Yonge St., 59 King St. W., 471 and 1324 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East.

MRS. MEYER'S PARLORS
At Sunnyside are again the attraction to those who want nice, restful, healthful surroundings, while partaking of Dinners or Lunches, including our famous Fish Meals also the prettiest Ballroom in the city.
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De Miracle
a revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed envelope. De Miracle mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, for $1.50 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 1012 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by all first-class druggists, department stores and
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"SOVEREIGN" HOT WATER BOILERS
Made by the Taylor-Forbes Co., Guelph, and sold by heating engineers throughout Canada.
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Sir William Van Horne on Canadian Art.

A WRITER in the London weekly, Canada, gives the result of an interview on Canadian art with Sir William Van Horne, which ought to provoke some discussion. He refers to the great railway man's knowledge and appreciation of the world's art, and then quotes Sir William as follows:

"In my judgment the great fault of most modern painters is—laziness. They have not the power of work which enabled the old masters and some of the new ones to achieve great things. They sit down and deplore their fate instead of toiling on day after day, year after year, for sheer love of painting. They paint one or two pictures and fail to sell them—and then think it not worth while going on, and look around for sympathy, which they certainly won't get from me. All this sitting around and waiting for inspiration and the right mood is sheer nonsense. Only constant work will enable a painter to master his technique—to obtain such a mastery as that gained by Corot and others, who, to my thinking, did their ripest and best work without any intellectual labor because their hands, such was their technical ability, could dispense with the use of their brains. I believe anybody of ordinary intelligence who painted a picture every day for ten years would become a notable painter."

"There is no reason why the artist should not show the same application that is required for success in other pursuits. To succeed he, like other men, must acquire the habit of steady work. Unfortunately the moderns have invented the term 'artistic temperament' as an excuse for their laziness. I don't believe at all in the artistic temperament. It is a deadly phrase, and it would be interesting to know when and how it was invented—to the confusion of many. Another delusion is the constant talk about 'originality.' An artist does not really hit on a new set of original ideas; he selects and combines old ones in a novel manner. That is the limit of so-called originality in art, as in many other pursuits. It would be interesting to study this point in detail. But a novel combination of ideas and methods counts for nothing in the end without hard work. If an artist cannot sell his picture, and cannot afford to buy more canvas, let him paint another on the top of the old one. Our Canadian artists—some of them, at any rate—have not improved at all in the last ten or fifteen years; have even become inferior to what they were. The only explanation is lack of work—an explanation which accounts for the decadence of many European artists of promise."

"However, we have a number of meritorious painters and sculptors in Canada. Some of the best of them, such as Maurice and Martin, have settled in Paris—the headquarters of art for French-Canadians. Recently an exhibition of French art, in which the Impressionists were well represented, was held in Canada. I was interested to see how it had affected some of the painters exhibiting at the Royal Canadian Academy show. There were signs of touching up—evidently the brilliant coloring of the Frenchmen had made the Canadian pictures appear dull and sombre, and the artists had tried to liven them up. Probably the Dutch school has influenced Canadian landscape more than any other. We have good painters both in Montreal and Toronto, but they must go on working hard if superlative excellence is ever to be achieved. Meanwhile pictures, good to first-rate, are being bought abroad for Canada, which is a sign of a real interest in art. There must be at least thirty private collections of consequence in Montreal alone. In the West, as you say, a forgery is sometimes bought. But even the purchase of a forgery is a proof of a certain interest, which ought not to be discouraged."

"Some people do not think Philippe Hebert a fine sculptor. I am not of their opinion. It seems to me that his memorial sculpture is by far the best in Canada. The monument to Maisonneuve in Montreal, for example, is a fine and dignified piece of work, which harmonizes with its surroundings. Then Laliberte is a sculptor of unquestionable ability. I lately saw his bust of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, which seems to me a fine work. It is a good likeness, to begin with. In my opinion that is a necessity. There is really no good reason why a man's nose should be shortened or lengthened, or otherwise adapted to suit the artist's particular notions. Then it expresses the character of the man with the dignity and reticence of some of the ancient busts. It is free from pettiness and prettiness. Time and the progress of taste will give the Canadian artists who deserve it a due measure of recognition. But they must work, and, if they are young and beginners, strive to form the habit of steady working as early as possible. Even great ideas can only be greatly expressed by means of unremitting toil. Whether you want to create a railway system or make a great work of art there is only one sure method."

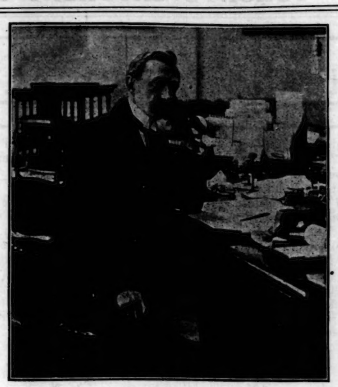
An Outcrop of Superstition.

THE following query was not found scratched on a column at Pompeii, nor is it a translation of a manuscript from medieval Sicily. It is, if we are to believe The London Lancet, a veritable extract from the "Courtship Column" of a ladies' paper published in enlightened Britain, and is part of a letter from a young woman, apparently of fair education, asking for particulars about love-philters. Says the fair writer (referring to an estranged admirer):

"He lives about a mile from my home, and I should like to have him back very much. I have heard that there is some powder to be had which I should only need to put in the fire and read a verse from the Bible and wish him to come back, and that he would come. I should like you to give me the name of the powder and the way to use it."

Commenting on this, The Lancet says:

"It is astonishing to find so frank a confession of faith in the virtue of a philter or love-charm which has figured largely in many romances in the past. But the philter has a special interest for medical antiquaries, as it was certainly a relic of savage medicine, and because down to a late period it was regarded as a legitimate form of medication as well as of magic. The witches' brew in 'Macbeth' is, indeed, only a philter on a large scale. In fact, witches and wizards were anciently supposed to be the chief makers of philters. In the scanty traditions of Druidism, perhaps still existing among the Breton peasants, a mystic brew is described, composed of the half-dozen or so plants in the Celtic pharmacopoeia. Some drops from the caldron containing the seething brew fall upon the finger of the dwarf who stirs it, and he, on putting his finger in his mouth, is endowed with the knowledge of all things. Melchior Schonwalder, replying to the learned Horstius in a disputation "De Natura Amoris,' in the middle of the seventeenth century, declares that love-philters are best composed of human blood, or of the small bones of frogs picked clean by ants, or of burned laurel leaves. Horstius declares that many medical men approve of philters, not regarding them as of the nature of magic. The idea at the back of the mind of the maker of a philter was the thoroughly savage one of influencing the victim or patient at a distance and by means of symbolism. In this connection Horstius cites the waxen images which people made and burned, or melted, symbolically, when they wished to destroy particular enemies. The last relic of such burnings is the Guy Fawkes ceremony of our own boys, in which the image often represents an unpopular type or character of the period."



J. OBED SMITH,
Assistant Superintendent of Emigration, with headquarters in London. Mr. Smith is not only endeavoring to stimulate emigration to Canada, but is also showing the British capitalist that the Dominion affords many opportunities for investment.

American Magazines.

THE Vancouver Province says editorially:

"The hypothetical and somewhat overworked visitor from Mars, who should pick up a copy of one of the American magazines, could not help being struck by the difference in spirit between the literary and the advertising sections. If he concludes that the earth is inhabited by two races of men, a race of stumbling, bungling, unhappy failures and pessimists, and a race of vigorous, successful, radiant optimists, we can scarcely blame him. In the literary pages the world is the worst of all possible worlds; in the advertising supplement it is the best of all conceivable worlds. In the magazine proper everything goes askew. The railroads cheat us and kill us. The food manufacturers poison us. The liquor dealers destroy our moral fibre. The army is depleted. The navy has its armor-belt in the wrong place. Workmen go about without work. Lack of sanitation kills its thousands. Automobiles do their share—the list is endless. But what a reconstructed world of heart's desire begins with the first-page advertisement! Here, no breakfast food fails to build up a man's brain and muscle. No phonograph record fails to amuse. No roof-paint cracks under cold or melts under the sun. No razor cuts the face or leaves it sore. Illness and death are banished by patent medicines and hygienic shoes. Worry flees before the model fountain pen. Employers shower wealth upon efficient employees. Insurance companies pay what they promise. Trains always get everywhere on time. Babies never cry; whether it's soap or cereal, or camera or talcum, babies always laugh in the advertising supplement. A happy world, indeed, my masters."

Shopping in London and New York.

SHOPPING in New York is an entertainment, while in London it is a duty. That, at all events, is the way The San Francisco Argonaut puts the whole situation in a nutshell. But in one respect at least a lady correspondent gives her vote solidly for London. She likes the manners of the salespeople in the English metropolis, and says:

"Certainly no one can come to London after a time spent in New York without enjoying the delightful manners of the London salesmen and saleswomen. At first in New York the foreign visitor is shocked by the absence of respect of the saleswoman for the shopper. Only occasionally does one hear a "madman" or a "sir." A few months ago I was buying some cheese in a New York department store. I carried a library book under my arm.

"What's that book you've got there?" asked the young woman who was slicing the cheese. I gave her the title. "Is it worth reading?" asked she. I assured here that I found it exceedingly interesting. "I'll get it if you advise me to read it," she said, and now she was wrapping the cheese and tying the string. I told here I did advise her to read it.

"I always ask intelligent-looking ladies who come in to shop what the books are they have with them," she said. "I'm trying to improve. I don't intend to sell cheese all my life."

And now, coming to London, I find I love the manner of the English saleswoman. I like the deference, the quiet voice, the attentive manner with which she looks after my wants. "It is very becoming, is it not, madam?" asks the solicitous saleswoman in Regent Street as I try on a hat or a gown. "It's a perfectly grand thing, and you look a dandy in it!" somehow does not seem quite the thing these days; yet this precise expression was used to me in one of the principal New York shops two months ago as I tried on a blouse.

Liberal England.

ONCE again England has shown herself liberal in granting refuge to alien exiles. One evening recently (says the London correspondent of The New York Sun) eight women from the ex-Sultan of Turkey's harem arrived in London and they are now temporarily living at a boarding house in the fashionable neighborhood of Portland Place. The authorities are fully aware of their presence, but say they have no reasonable grounds on which to interfere.

The French authorities have taken a much more severe attitude. Half a dozen heavily veiled women, unable to make themselves understood in anything but Turkish, got out of the Orient express in Paris and by pointing out pictures in an illustrated journal they indicated they were fugitives from Abdul Hamid's harem and begged permission to remain in Paris. But the authorities would have none of them and despatched them back to Stamboul.

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"The Queen of Table Waters"

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Write for Samples and Price List (Sent Post Free), and Save 50 Per Cent.
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REGENT STREET AND CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ALSO LIVERPOOL.
Irish Linen and Damask Manufacturers
To HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE COURTS OF EUROPE. Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels, Railways, Steamships, Institutions, Regiments and the General Public direct with every description of
HOUSEHOLD LINENS From the Least Expensive to the Finest in the World
Which, being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich, Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.
IRISH LINEN Linen Sheeting, two yards wide, 48c. per yard; 2½ yards wide, 57c. per yard. Roller Towelling, 18 in. wide, 9c. per yard. Surplice Linen, 24c. per yard. Dusters, from 72c. per doz. Glass Cloths, $1.18 per doz. Linen Diaper, 23c. per yard. Our Special Soft Finish Longcloth, from 10c. per yard.
IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN Fish Napkins, 94c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, $1.56 doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 94c. 2½ yards by 3 yards, $1.90 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, $1.32 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)
MATCHLESS SHIRTS With 4-fold fronts and cuffs, and bodies of fine longcloth, $8.52 per half-doz. (To measure 43c. extra.) New designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the season. Old Shirts made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs and Fronts, for $3.36 the half-doz.
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HORROCKSES
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HORROCKSES MANCHESTER 1791.
LONG CLOTHS & SHEETINGS
Obtainable from the Leading Stores in the Dominion.
"HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO., LTD., MANCHESTER AND LONDON."

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Brightness and Freshness of youth are preserved to the complexion by CRÈME SIMON POUDRE SAVON
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HOLBROOK'S
Adds a delicious zest and piquancy to SOUPS, FISH, MEATS, POULTRY, GAME.
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BOTTLED IN OPORTO BY
TAYLOR, FLADGATE & YEATMAN
(Established 1692)
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"Ryrie" Wedding Stationery has a distinction and individuality that is exclusive.

We are showing a number of entirely new styles of engraving which are proving very popular.

The paper which we are using this season is a heavy hand-finished Vellum, in the fashionable pearl grey finish, which shows the engraving off to the best advantage.

Every detail in connection with our Stationery is attended to right on the premises by expert workmen.

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of interior in any period may be safely entrusted to us. Our staff of designers and decorators ensures correctness and successful results. Our charges are strictly moderate.

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If you cannot sample this at your Druggist's send us his name, and receive a sample, FREE by return mail.

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(Pronounced Dear Kiss) is a refined, fascinating perfume, dainty and concentrated.

Violette Kerkoff—the final success — natural fragrance of freshly cut violets. Kerkoff's Sachet, Face Powder, Toilet Water and Toilet Soap in either Violet or Djer-Kiss odor.

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The marriage of Miss Emily Moss, daughter of Sir Charles Moss, and Mr. William Edward Davidson, will take place on June 22 in St. James Cathedral at two o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Small entertained at dinner on Wednesday.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

A VERY pretty Race-luncheon was given on Wednesday in the Nile room, by Mrs. W. T. Pearson, at which covers were laid for twelve. The guests were all of the fair sex and almost all were so interested in horses and racing that the unique decoration of the table pleased them greatly. The central high vase was crowded with a wreath of apple blossoms, and the cloth was strewn with them. A large place boquet of pink sweet peas was laid before each guest, and ribbons of pale pink and white festooned the flowers. A steeplechase was in progress among all this June-like decoration, horses and jockeys in the act of leaping green hurdles being arranged around the table. The favors were silver horseshoes, bits and horses, with bows of racing colors. Almost the entire party drove to the Races after luncheon and looked very smart indeed.

There was a fine dinner of many score covers at McConkey's on Wednesday night for the members of the Ontario Medical Council and the visiting delegates to its meeting this week. The doctors had a very good time and the menu, speeches, and beautiful music were much enjoyed.

The camp at Niagara-on-the-Lake is the next thing to interest society, which is always glad to turn out to see our soldiers, regular and volunteer.

The Woman's Press Club of Toronto are arranging to entertain the women journalists and writers who are to attend the quinquennial meeting of the National Council at the same time they entertain the members of the Canadian Woman's Press Club then in attendance at their annual meeting in Toronto. A motor ride to Lambton Golf Club and tea on the verandah, will take place on June 16. On the 17th a luncheon will be given at the English Inn tea-rooms in King street. A garden party, for which Mrs. Dickson has kindly lent the grounds of St. Margaret's College, is to be held on the 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzhugh passed through Toronto in their private car, on Thursday morning, with the remains of their only son, Earl, who died at Saranac Lake on Wednesday morning, after a lingering illness, and whose funeral will take place in St. Louis.

Another delightful day and big attendance at the Races is credited to Wednesday, when everything was lovely and people seemed even more gay and happy than usual. There was many dinners at the Hunt Club and those fortunate enough to be there found the evening of fair moonlight most delightful. Among the many people strolling on the members' lawn during the afternoon at the Woodbine were the Misses Mortimer Clark, Lady Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mr. D. D. Mann, Mrs. Cowan of Oshawa, Colonel and Mrs. Hay of Haileybury, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Pearson, Mrs. J. B. Miller, Mrs. Harton Walker, Mrs. Munro, Mrs. Jack Murray, Mrs. George Warwick, Mr. and Mrs. Owen, Miss Snelgrove, Miss Marjory Malcolm, Miss Marguerite Cotton, Mr. and Mrs. Vankoughnet, Mrs. Jack Cruso, Mrs. Boswell, Miss Cruso, Mrs. John Taylor, Mrs. Moorhouse, Dr. and Mrs. Yates, who arrived in town early in the week; Mrs. Hal. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Suydam, Miss Rutherford, Mrs. Duggan, Mrs. Percy Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Hees, Mrs. Harris Hees, Senator Melvin-Jones, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Clark, Miss Clark, Mr. and Mrs. H. Beatty, Miss Lillian Lee, Mr. Scott, Mr. E. Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, Miss Ruby Ramsay, Mr. and Miss Adele Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Scholfield, Miss Mary Campbell, Mr. Frank Macdonald, Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Magann, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Small, Mrs. Frank Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Sinclair, Miss Sinclair, Miss Muriel Jarvis, Dr. Bruce and his guests, Dr. and Mrs. Williams of London, Ont., Major J. F. Macdonald, Major Michie, the Mayor of Toronto, Colonel Williams, Colonel S. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Glackmeyer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Taylor, Mrs. Boone, Captain and Mrs. C. Boone.

The marriage of Mrs. Killam, widow of the late Judge Killam, and Mr. W. R. Allan, of Winnipeg, took place in Winnipeg on Tuesday. The bride and groom have gone abroad for their honeymoon.

The marriage of Mr. Arthur Jarvis, and Miss Ida Winter, of St. John's, Newfoundland, will be celebrated next October.

The marriage of Mr. George Patten Reiffenstein, and Miss Agnes Constance Gouinlock took place in St. Mark's church, Parkdale, on Wednesday at half past two. Rev. Canon Inglis, assisted by Rev. Fred G. Plummer, were the officiating clergy. The church was decorated with white roses, lilacs and palms. The bridal gown was of Liberty satin sewn with pearls, and on the train was a true lovers knot of chiffon and orange flowers. Some beautiful lace was arranged on the bodice, and a crown of orange blossoms fastened the tulle veil. The boquet was of orchids and lily of the valley. Miss Audrey and Miss Mary Gouinlock, sister and cousin of the bride, were bridesmaids. They wore pink gowns and hats and carried pink roses. Mr. Austin Reiffenstein was his brother's best man. Mr. George Gouinlock, Jr., and Mr. Selwyn Holmestead, brother and cousin of the bride, Mr. Lorne Flaws and Mr. James Francis were the ushers. During the signing of the register, Mrs. Frank Mackelcan sang beautifully. Mrs. Gouinlock held a reception after the ceremony, and the home was fragrant with many flowers, and an orchestra played during the reception. Mr. and Mrs. Reiffenstein will reside in Montreal where the former is a prominent official in the Dominion bank.

LA MONDAINE JAPONAISE: PRINCESS NASHIMOTO.

Who will shortly visit London as the guest of the King and Queen. Her husband is an officer in the Japanese Army, and distinguished himself in the war with Russia. He is closely related to the Emperor of Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellwood Moore have gone to their home in Winnipeg. Mr. Patterson and his daughter Cora have returned to Winnipeg. Mrs. Alan Macdougall Jones arrived on Sunday with her little son and daughter on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Barker of Rowanwood Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Walker and Miss Walker are sailing for the Continent next week to attend Dr. Walker's marriage which takes place shortly.

Among Hamilton visitors to the Races were Mrs. David Gillies, Mr. and Mrs. Backus, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Henderson and Mr. and Mrs. George Rennie.

More and more people are crowding McConkey's Cafe every noon and evening to hear the beautiful music of the Hungarian orchestra. It was very pretty to hear a tableful of bachelors softly chanting "I wish I had a Sweetheart," as the band played the catchy chorus, and casting significant glances at a couple of pretty girls who were very strictly chaperoned, but are generally gracious to the subdued vocalists, who made them smile in spite of themselves at the fervent aspirations of their song.

Lady Hanbury Williams has been the guest of honor at several small affairs during her stay in Toronto. She is so attractive a lady, so invariably perfectly gowned, and so unaffected and delightful in manner, that it is no wonder she is admired and esteemed in an unusual degree.

Mr. and Mrs. George Plunkett Magann arrived home a week ago for a month's visit, and will go abroad again the end of June. Mrs. Magann was welcomed with enthusiasm by her hosts of Toronto friends, at the races and garden party, and was at the Hunt Club on Sunday evening for dinner. She has been ill recently but is now better and looking as pretty and winning as ever.

The Galt Horse Show closes to-day. It has been a three days' event.

Mrs. Scott-Raff is spending the summer in Owen Sound.

Hon. W. L. Fielding and Miss Fielding came to town at the week-end and went to the Falls for Sunday. They left on Monday night for Ottawa. Mr. Howard, Commissioner for Nova Scotia and Mrs. Howard were at the King Edward this week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Grace are at the Queen's. Their little daughter who is at school in Oshawa has contracted a mild attack of scarlet fever, but though her parents are naturally anxious for her convalesence, she is in a very favorable state.

The new Tennis Courts at the Hunt Club are proving very popular and very good tennis is being played by many of the members. Lord Lascelles and others of The Governor-General's party enjoyed the game during their residence in Toronto.

People are beginning to rendezvous at the Yacht Club. The Argonants have had a small Club Dance.

The engagement of Miss Elsie Sankey and Mr. Hugh Hoyles is announced, and everyone is sending good wishes to the happy young people.

Miss Muriel Armstrong of Arnprior, who has spent some time in town, visiting friends, returned home on Sunday evening. During the first week of the Races she was an admired visitor to the Woodbine, and wore dainty and becoming costumes.

Mrs. Ransome, who has been on a tour of many months in Australia, Japan and China, and who has spent a couple of weeks lately in town at the Queen's, left early in the week to join her husband in Ottawa, and thence proceed to their home in Bewdeley, Worcestershire. Those who have had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Ransome this time or on her former visit to Toronto, have found her a delightful friend, whom they hope to welcome soon again.

The marriage of Mr. Guy Northcote Toller, of Ottawa, and Miss Ida Mercy Hughes, daughter of the late Patrick Hughes, of Toronto, was quietly celebrated at the Capital on Wednesday. Mrs. Charles O'Connor (May Hughes) gave the bridal reception at her home in Bay street. The bride wore a costume of bright blue silk, and was attended by her cousin Miss Nanno Hughes. Mr. D'Arcy McGee was best man. Mr. Dan O'Connor, K.C., gave away the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Toller are in New York for their honeymoon. They will live in Ottawa.

The marriage of Miss Alma Hillis, daughter of Mr. William Hillis of Sutton West, and Dr. Alfred McNally, of Lethbridge, was celebrated on Wednesday in St. George's Church, Lake Shore, Sutton West, the interesting old Sibbald family church, at two o'clock. The bride has been for some years organist in this church. Dr. and Mrs. McNally have gone to the States for their honeymoon and will reside in Lethbridge, Alberta.

Mrs. Hector Mackenzie is visiting her daughter Mrs. Lissant Beardmore. Mr. Lissant Beardmore has gone abroad.

BRAIDING

This extreme novelty will be a big feature in tailored costumes and linen dresses. It will appear in bands, blouse fronts, nett yokes and sleeves, skirt trimmings as well as overdress and panel effects.

Customers may supply braid and charge will be made according to time spent in the embroidering of material.

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covered to match any material in flat, oval, bone-rimmed and combination styles.

Shirts—Gored, Circular, Fancy tailored and pleated styles. Silk and satin covered cord used as dress and button loop trimming.

Hemstitching, Tucking and fancy stitches of all kinds.

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We wish to inform our patrons that

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are the orginators of the Empire Shower Bcquet and all others are imitations. We cheerfully help you out with any suggestions as to the Floral Decorations.
No distance is too great for us to deliver. Send for prices.

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is the perfect food drink for children. Highly nutritious—easily digested—delicious and economical. 74

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MORE PRIZES THAN THE LAST

The FIRST PRIZE will again be a LIFE ANNUITY of

Fifty-Two Dollars Cash

Equal to One Dollar Per Week Every Week During Lifetime

A Second Prize of One Hundred Dollars Cash
Two Prizes of Fifty Dollars Each
Ten Prizes of Twenty Dollars Each
Ten Prizes of Ten Dollars Each
Twenty Prizes of Five Dollars Each
One Hundred Prizes of One Dollar Each

CONDITIONS are similiar to the last Contest, except that all Orange Meat Carton Bottoms must be sent in on or before November 30th, 1909.

Full particulars on private post card in every package of Orange Meat. If you enter this contest, complete the blank space below with your name and address, cut it out and mail it to Orange Meat, Kingston, Ont., it will count equal to ten carton bottoms.

To ORANGE MEAT, KINGSTON.

I desire to enter your prize contest which matures November 30, 1909.

Full name .....

Address .....

15 .....

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Pol. Roger, Krug, Veuve Cliquot, Mumm's and Pommery, at $22.00 per Case, Quarts. Gold Lack Vintage, 1898, $33.00 per Case.
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Vin D'Ete Champagne, $16.00 per Case, Quarts.
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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

MRS. AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON,

The aged novelist who has just died at her home in Mobile, Alabama, at the age of seventy-four. She wrote the "best sellers" in fiction sixty years ago. Among these were "Inez, a Tale of the Alamo," "Beulah," "Macaria," and "St. Elmo," the latter having been written during the close of the Civil War and was probably her greatest work. Among her other notable works were "Vashti," "Infelice," "At the Mercy of Tiberius," and "A Speckled Bird." Her first book was "Inez," written in 1856, and her last production was "Devota," in 1907.

A WRITER in The Argonaut, of San Francisco, makes the excellent suggestion that "it should be a rule of publishing houses that books of motor travel must always be written by women, because only women can keep the greasy details of car mechanism in the background or recognize that the object of such tours is not the car itself, but the places to which the car can go."

It was all very well for Rudyard Kipling to discourse on the intricacies of machinery, because he did it in such a way as to make the reader feel that the knowledge thus displayed was exploited incidentally—as though it came from a universal store. And Kipling's machinery details always had a human relation. But when the average writer gathers together an armful of catalogues and newspaper clippings and sets out to produce a pot-boiling novel on some fashion or sensation of the day—automobiling, wireless, aeronautics, or what not—he engages in a rather ignoble occupation. His tale, even though it may achieve a certain popularity, is pretty thin stuff. It appeals to the craving for novelty among uncultivated people, and from a moral standpoint comes very near to being on the same plane as the scandal stories of the yellow press. Fiction which is colored with some popular or even sensational feature of modern life makes a legitimate appeal, and may be made very agreeable and absorbing. But the coloring must be true, and not laid on with a brush such as the street-sign artist uses. We have had some good automobile stories, and we may hope to have more. The Marconi system, the flying machine, and other wonders yet to come may and will figure largely in tales well worth reading. But all such fiction that is worth while must depend upon a theme which makes a universal human appeal. Details of the mechanism of a motor-car or a wireless station do not constitute a theme, and the writer who wins a momentary success with a novel built on catalogue knowledge of some such popular subject, and with nothing to recommend it but an appeal to the curiosity of people who think that "up-to-date" pleasures and pursuits are the whole of life—such a writer is merely a charlatan.

* * *

A very entertaining story is "Thrice Armed," by Harold Bindloss—just the sort of tale to wile away a leisure hour or two on the porch or in the hammock. It is a Canadian story, too—a romance of our western waters, of Vancouver and the Pacific coast. The hero is a very likable young sailor chap named Jimmy Wheelock. After receiving training as an officer on a mail-boat and a battleship, he abandons the career lying open to him, in order to go west and take charge of the affairs of his father, which are in bad shape. The elder Wheelock, a small shipowner, once prosperous, has after the death of his wife steadily lost his grip both on his business interests and his health. An unprincipled, grasping broker and ship-store dealer named Merril has a mortgage on the last schooner of which Wheelock has been able to retain control, and he is "putting the screws on him" in order to get the vessel cheap. Jimmy's sister Eleanor has had to give up her studies in Toronto and is living with friends near Vancouver. The Wheelock family are all very bitter against Merril, and indeed his unscrupulous tactics are winning many enemies for him. But Eleanor pursues a particularly vindictive course against her father's enemy, especially after her parent dies under very pitiable circumstances. Jimmy makes good friends, and among them they form a steamship company to compete with Merril's boats. But one of Jimmy's friends is Miss Merril, a most charming girl, who is the hated broker's only daughter. This of course involves things in a pretty tangle, but its unwinding is successfully accomplished.

The story is enlivened with a number of exciting adventures at sea. The first of these, in which Jimmy, working as an ordinary sailor on a small yacht, first meets Anthea Merril and receives her aid in weathering a gale, while they are practically alone on the boat, would in itself make an excellent short story. There are times when the tale drags a little, as though the author felt that it was absolutely necessary to give his novel at least the minimum standard length of 375 pages. But the average reader knows what to do when he comes to these portions, and on the whole "Thrice Armed"—which might, by the way, have been given a better title—is an unusually entertaining romance. It is published by McLeod and Allen, Toronto.

* * *

Periodically some one—generally, it may be presumed, an editor or a successful literary worker writing anonymously—simultaneously rebukes and encourages the large class of budding authors by repeating the old claim that magazines do not discriminate against the work of unknown writers. This, we may all readily enough admit to be true in a general way. I for one have not yet abandoned an old belief, confidently formed in the rosy days of optimistic youth, that if a man has the goods to sell, as it were, he will somehow, some time find a fair market for them. The story or the poem that has unquestionable merit will not go begging for ever. But the real grievance of the budding author lies in the fact that too many magazine editors have pets among writers. An editor cannot be blamed for occasionally paying high rates for indifferent material signed by a world-famous name. That is business. But an editor must be blamed for printing rubbish because the writer is a personal friend or an agreeable "jollier." That is unfair—unfair alike to his readers and to struggling writers.

There are in America several writers who are quite famous—that is their names appear in every other magazine one picks up—who scarcely ever write anything that is not insignificant in matter and common in manner. Let us select the names of two such writers. Almost any periodical one opens contains some alleged pleasantry by John Kendrick Bangs, so-called humorist; or an alleged poem by Clinton Scollard. I have been reading the magazines of this continent for a good many years—having started young. As far back as I can remember I have seen the names of these two men figuring in the tables of contents, but never once, from the time when I considered "The Tinkum Brothers' Tide Mill," by J. T. Trowbridge, as reaching the high-water mark of literary achievement, to the present, have I seen a single bit of humor by Mr. Bangs or a single bit of verse by Mr. Scollard that was really worth a—well, a perusal.

I open a current magazine haphazard from a pile and look for the name of John Kendrick Bangs. Ah, here it is. Let us consider without prejudice the first piece of this "humorist's" humor that has come to hand:

Cholly Dialogues.

"Will you marry me?" asked Cholly of Miss Goldilox.

"No, but I'll be a sister to you, Cholly," smiled the radiant maiden.

"Good!" said Cholly. "That's all I want. Let me have a hundred, will you?"

"A hundred?" cried Miss Goldilox. "A hundred what?"

"Dollars, of course," said Cholly.

"Why should I?" demanded the young lady frigidly.

"You said you'd be assister to me, and I don't know anything that will assist me more materially," said Cholly.—John Kendrick Bangs.

Fine, isn't it! How compelling in its subtlety, as read by the man of culture! How side-splittin' even to the dull of comprehension! What a model for the struggling embryo writer to study!

But let us turn to Mr. Scollard. Perhaps in the same magazine we shall find some lyric warbling from his hard-worked pen. Yes, sure enough, here we are:

The Garden Beautiful.

By Clinton Scollard.

It is the Garden Beautiful
With rose and clove and lavender!—
It is the Garden Beautiful
Since you, my love, are gardener!

I confess that I am rather embarrassed at being compelled to use this rhythmic trifle as characteristic of Mr. Scollard's work—it is so much better than anything of his I expected to come upon. You will observe it has an idea. Wasn't it original of Mr. Scollard to conjure up such metaphor? It must have cost him no little effort.

Why is stuff such as this paid for and printed month after month in scores of magazines, while many unknown writers all over the land dejectedly gaze at rejected matter that at least cannot be any worse? That's what the budding author would like to know.

* * *

"A Certain Rich Man," the novel by William Allen White which The Macmillan Company is to bring out in the near future, is, in atmosphere and plot, purely American. There is no trace in it of foreign influence or even of the more cosmopolitan Atlantic seaboard. Its scene is laid in the wheat fields of Kansas; its theme the busy, wholesome, aggressive life of the Middle West. This material is extremely familiar to Mr. White, and the novel is the result of a lifetime of keen observation. A kindly, sympathetic humor is said to play throughout the book and softens the rugged outlines of the chief character—he can hardly be called the hero—a type of the self-made, domineering captain of industry.

* * *

The Macmillan Company has just issued "The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne," by Professor Wilbur L. Cross, a work which ought to be of very considerable value to quite a large circle of literary folk, for hitherto no adequate biography of the famous eighteenth century humorist has been available. Professor Cross has had access to a large number of letters and documents never before used by those who have written fragmentary lives of Sterne, and in this way his volume has something of the flavor of autobiography. And it is not only valuable as a literary biography. As the reader follows the fortunes of Sterne, from obscurity as a Yorkshire parson to celebrity as the social pet of London and Paris, he is given a broad, clear picture of English life in the eighteenth century.

* * *

The "discovery" by Mr. Pownall that his ancestor, Governor Pownall of Massachusetts, wrote the "Letters of Junius" has not interested or convinced many people. Now an Australian writer, Mr. James Smith, lacking some more useful occupation, has written a book imputing the authorship of the Junius letters to Gibbon, the historian.

HAL.

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In planning a home, remember the cold days of winter—the days when you want to be cozy and comfortable indoors.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

NEVER has the platituds, "What a lovely day!" been more amiably received and agreed with, by original idead people, than on last Saturday, when the smart world assembled in response to Her Excellency's invitation to take tea on the lawn at Fallingbrook. It had been almost too warm at the Woodbine, the lofty grand stand shielding the Members' Lawn from the cool north breeze, and the sun simply flooding the countryside with golden glory. But out on the huge green lawn, bordered on the south with the great forest trees and rich undergrowth of a tangle of wild shrubs, flowers and vines, the tempering breath of the north softly swept down the slope from the far off Kingston Road, and freeing itself of dust *en route* came most refreshingly to the brilliant party gathered on the lawn. The guests were all the time out of doors, and thanks to the weather it was the pleasantest arrangement. Sergeant and Major-domo, in scarlet coats, politely "shooed" the arrivals from the front door and directed them to *former la queue* to the Viceregal pair who stood under a little group of trees, shaking hands with all and singular their worthy guests. Captain Newton was A.D.C., to the left of Their Excellencies. A little further on was the refreshment marquee, very large and airy, and a long buffet therein decorated with scores of beautiful roses. It was curious how the crowd swarmed under a bit of canvas, and remained glued there, jostled and in everyone's way who tried to carry out the refreshments desired by wiser folk, when the exquisite stretches of lawn without, the great trees, the perfect sky and the fine music of the 48th Highlanders' band combined in counter attraction. Her Excellency wore a pale coral tinted chiffon gown with deep hems of heavier texture, and a black picture hat, and had a tiring hour of handshaking. His Excellency who had been at the races with her, looks always as if nothing could weary his energy and dull his interest, anything at all events which progresses "out of doors," and was at his best, later in the afternoon when presenting the trophy to the Candida Cast, who were at the teaparty, and modestly received His Excellency's evidence of their success in encomiums, and the tangible bringing victory to Toronto. The trophy is a bronze of two figures, music with a lyre and comedy with a masque of tragedy just lifted from a laughing face. The crowd pressed about the table to see and admire the trophy and congratulate the winners. A few of those who received Their Excellencies' welcome to Fallingbrook on Saturday were Archbishop and Mrs. Sweeny, Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark, the Misses Clark, Lady Edgar, Hon. Judge Hodgins, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Riddell, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Mabee, Miss Mabel Mabee, Mr. and Mrs. Lash, Mrs. Loudon, Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Miss Melvin-Jones, Rev. Crawford Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Walker, Miss Dorothy Walker, Captain and Mrs. Laybourne, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Small, Mr. and Mrs. James George, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Magann, Mrs. Robinson of Beverley House, Mr. and Miss Robinson, Mrs. and Miss Keating, Mr. and Mrs. Henri Suydam, the Misses Nordheimer, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. G. T. Blackstock, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Austin of "Spadina," Dr and Mrs. Wishart, Dr. and Mrs. Crawford Scadding, Mr and Mrs. Murray Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Hope, Mrs. and Miss Florence Spragge, Colonel and Mrs. Hendrie, Mrs. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. John Kay, Mr. and Mrs. Braithwaite, Miss Phyllis Hendrie, Miss Braithwaite, the Misses Edgar, Dr. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Hillison, Mrs. Sheard, Mrs. H. C. and the Misses McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. George Evans, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Mr. and Mrs. Duggan, Professor and Mrs. Stupart, the Misses Merritt, Mrs. Coleman Drayton, Mr. and Mrs. Hawes, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mrs. and Miss Harman, Miss Matthews and her guest Miss Alice Shanghessy, Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald of St. Andrew's College, Mrs. Hewes Olipant, Dr. and Mrs. Fotheringham, Mr. and Mrs. A. Grasett, Mrs. and Miss Widmer Brough, Mrs. J. C. MacDougall, Canon and Mrs. Welch, Dr. Brefney O'Reilly, Dr. H. Parsons, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. Bogert, Mrs. and Miss Sankey, Mr. Lefroy, Mr. Ferrar Davidson, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, Judge and Mrs. Anglin, Mrs. Machray, Lady de Hochepied Larpent, Mrs. Wallace Jones, Miss O'Brien of Dromoland, Mr. and Mrs. Lyle, Mr. Adam Brown, Mrs. Sanford, Judge and Mrs. Teetzel, Mr. and Mrs. Haas, Mr. Alan Sullivan, Mrs. Weston Brock, Miss Gypsey Grasett, Mrs. Jack Cruso, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Reid, Dr. Mrs. and Miss Temple, Miss Colton, Mr. and Mrs. R. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hills, Mrs. Clinch, Miss Gladys Murton, Mrs. de Leigh Wilson, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. Archibald, Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Riordan, Mrs. Mackelcan, Lady Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mrs. R. Cassels, Mr. and Miss Hodgins, Mrs. B. McInness, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Campbell, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Chadwick, Colonel and Mrs. Maclean, Mr. and Mrs. W. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. L. Lindsey, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, and a great many others whose names for the moment have escaped my memory.

PRINCESS VICTORIA OUT WALKING.

Princess Victoria, who is seen on the right of our picture, accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. Derek Keppel, taking a morning walk in Hyde Park.

Mrs. Murphy, of Ottawa, has been visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. George Warwick, and attended the Races with her.

The engagement of Miss May Hoskins, daughter of Mrs. Alfred Hoskins, and Mr. W. R. P. Jarvis is announced.

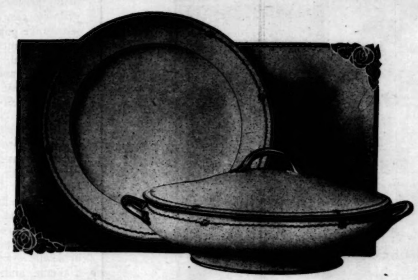
A pretty young visitor at the Races is Miss Davis, of British Columbia, a niece of Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones. I believe she is in town for her cousin's wedding, at which she will officiate as one of the bridesmaids.

Colonel and Mrs. Hay of Cobalt returned home at midweek. They were constant visitors to the Races during the meeting.

The first afternoon on which the viceregal patronage did not beam was a very bright and pleasant one, and the racing and attendance were both very good. Tuesday's races were close and exciting and the winners worked hard for their laurels. One race of four horses furnished some bright head with a chance for the following summing-up: Turn a "Searchlight" of "Many Colors" on a "Ballet Girl" and she will be "Chilla," the names of the four horses standing in that order on the race card! All the friends of Mr. and Mrs. George Cook regretted that this popular couple were not up on Tuesday to see their horse win a race. Mrs. Cook is in mourning and did not attend the Races this year. Among those who were out on Tuesday were Colonel Sam Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan Owen, who are constant patrons of the sport of kings, never missing a meet; Mrs. Alan Macdougall Jones of Ottawa, who looked very trim in a fawn striped tailored suit and pale blue hat. Mrs. Walter Champ (Jessie Coates) in a pretty blue costume; Miss Macleod Stewart, of Ottawa; Mrs. Jack Cruso, in turquoise; Mrs. Kearns in a mauve tailored suit; Mrs. Stair in a dainty white gown, embroidered in tiny flowers, and a very quaint coal-scuttle chip bonnet; Mrs. D. King Smith in a trim gown and large ecru hat with swathing of an ecru silk scarf with fringed ends; Mrs. Huson Harman in a very handsome mauve silk and chiffon gown, and flower toque; Mrs. Frank Morgan in a striped muslin gown and light hat; Miss Edna Cosbie, very pretty in a white suit and black chip hat; Miss Doris Suckling in place blue and white; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Benedict, Mr. and Mrs. Walker-Bell and Mrs. Macdougall; Mrs. Hal Osler in a mauve linen suit; Mrs. Gordon Osler in dull blue; Mrs. H. C. Osborne in white linen, long coat and white hat touched with pink; Miss Rutherford in a mauve gown, feather stole and smart toque; Mrs. W. Hyslop in white and Miss Florence McLeod in a trim costume and large black hat with cerise veil; Captain and Mrs. Charles Boone, Mrs. Boone and Mrs. Moore of Oaklawn; Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burritt, Mrs Bob Cassels, Miss Bertie Cassels, Mrs. D. W. Alexander in a pale blue mousseline with white Valenciennes insertions, Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones and Miss Davis, Dr. and Mrs. Elliott and their niece, Miss Elliott; Mrs. George Evans. Mr. Kelly Evans, Mr. W. Vickers, Mr. Frank Drake, Major J. Fraser Macdonald, Captain and Mrs. Van Straubenzee, Mrs. Duncan and Mrs. Jack Drynan, Mr. Boswell and Miss Cruso, Mrs. Willie Lee, Miss Augusta Hodgins, Colonel Greville-Harston, Colonel and Mrs. Gooderham and Miss Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mr. Charles Plummer, Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mrs. Long, Mrs. Warrington and Mrs. Parkyn Murray, Commander and Mrs. Spain, Mr. Jack Kilgour, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Clark, Mr. Clifford Brown, were a few of those strolling about the members' lawn, gathering about the festive hat-pool, picking winning long-shots, taking tea after the steeplechase, which played out all but two of the field, while the ambulance made the running on the track. Quite a number of strangers were out on Tuesday. On Monday, of course, there was a farewell send-off to Her Excellency and her charming daughters. His Excellency having started off for Kingston R.M.C. betimes in the morning, leaving the rest of the party to return to the Capital on Tuesday morning in the "Cornwall," followed by the sincere gratitude of the Directorate of the O.J.C. for their kindly interest in the May meeting, where their attendance was a great attraction. Her Excellency had the pleasant duty of presenting the Seagram Cup to Mr. R. J. Mackenzie, whose horse Direct, a nine to one shot, nicely captured the President's trophy. Lord Grey is off to England with Captain Newton in attendance, but Countess Grey remains in Ottawa to welcome and entertain Lady Aberdeen, who is visiting Canada in connection with the quinquennial meeting of the National Council of Women. I hear that both the Countesses will come to Toronto and be the guests of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Gibson at Government House next month.

Mrs. Campbell Osborne and Mrs. Hal Osler were hostesses of a luncheon for Lady Sybil Grey on Monday at the Ladies' Club. Previous to this event, Mrs. Osborne gave a natatorial party at the Guild swimming bath, where she and several others expert in the water had a very pleasant time with the guest of honor. As the first entertainment of the sort among the *elite* of Toronto, it is worthy of special mention. Swimming parties have hitherto been popular in circles where convention, smart natatorial costumes and such signs of superior breeding are unknown and unconsidered. The participants have been of the male persuasion and afflicted with a dialect which contains only hints of pure English. But the enterprise of the Guild, the liberality of their friends, and the fact that some of society's leaders are expert swimmers, have combined to assure the success and *chic* of the swimming party. Mrs. Cawthra Mulock and Mrs. Douglas Young, Miss Barwick and Mrs. Hal Osler swam on Monday, and among other graceful and powerful swimmers are many of the young folks who spend their summers in Muskoka, on Lake Simcoe, or the southern part of Lake Huron. The Misses Gillespie are perfectly at home in the water, and have been swimming since they were big enough to go in.

Dr. James McLeod, of Buffalo, has been visiting his people in Crescent road this week.



High-Grade Dinnerware

A direct importation of Haviland China (just arrived) will interest the many who have June Wedding presents in mind this "Month of Brides and Roses."

The 112-piece Dinner Set, of which two pieces are illustrated, is not expensive, as high-grade china goes (for the composition of the set is of the largest), and yet, so tasteful and effective is the pattern that many will prefer it to the very elaborate decorations.

A small green wreath entwines itself along close to the edge of each piece, and is broken at pleasing intervals with a dainty pink rosebud—in all displaying uncommon taste in the designing; while a substantial strip of gold which richly binds the edge of each piece and lightly relieves the handles, lends a tone of quality very much out of the ordinary, to the whole set.

This 112-piece Service will be displayed on one of the large show-tables in the Basement, presenting a distinctive, high-class wedding present at $52.50.

Another very pretty Set in the Haviland china consists of 112 useful pieces decorated with a pale pink ribbon and bow-knot interwoven with a vine of delicate green foliage. $48.50.

Plain White and Gold Dinnerware is now in vogue. A beautiful example is our "open stock" pattern in Royal Chelsea ware. A narrow acid gold border with a thin inner gold band comprises the decoration. It being "open stock," we will sell $25.00 worth or over and can make up a very useful set of 96 pieces for $88.85. Odd pieces could be purchased to add to this set.

126-piece Royal Chelsea Dinner Set, decorated with a neat Cobalt blue band with the Grecian key design in gold, under which runs a wreath of delicate blossoms and foliage. The rich and costly nature of this decoration necessitates a body of the most perfect kind. Price, set, $139.75.

Royal Doulton ranks among the best wares of the world. Complete Dinner and Tea Set of 120 pieces, with neat conventional border design of festoons, bow-knots and medallions in green and yellow, edges bordered with narrow band of green, $25.00.

97-piece Coalport Dinner Set—The finest china made; rich Cobalt blue scroll design and gold lattice work on border, sprays of delicate pink rosebuds, edges gold traced, handles gold burnished. Price, $238.25.

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THE MEN IN BUCKRAM

BY H. C. BAILEY

FULKE, the little lay brother, he that six hundred years ago wrote in very strange Latin a book of noble histories (that is Fulke's own phrase), has given me the bones and sinew of this tale. I think from a certain archness in Fulke's style—and Fulke's Latin, when it strives to be arch, is most wonderful reading—that the little man thought it a tale of humor. Myself, I hold it for a most moral relation and a warning to sundry my friends.

For the cause of all was nothing but the King's hurry. You cannot think it right that a King should ever be in a hurry.

In the spring of the year of grace 1282, Llywelyn ab Gruffydd broke out of Anglesey and ravaged the four lantreds of Perveddwlad and the marches as far as the very battlements of Chester. But that, of course, we all know. So it happened that, in the summer of 1282, King Edward I. moved westward with a great host to speak with Llywelyn. Now, the gout had laid the Chancellor, Robert Burnell, by the heels, and in his place was only Anthony Bek, the Bishop of Durham. On a day in June, at Market Drayton, Anthony Bek consulted the King on an infinity of small matters. Thus:

"Arises also," says Anthony Bek, smiling, "the matter of the Lady Elinor of ——" The King was in a hurry and—

"Now, why must the Lady Elinor arise?" he snapped.

"—of Tarporley, of Chertsey, of Fawkham, of Meopham and de Lorgnac," says Anthony Bek, who always finished a sentence.

This Lady Elinor of—of these manors, sir—hath come into wardship of the Crown—"

"Humph. Marry her. Is that all?" Sir Stephen, captain of the King's House, strode in, gleaming in his mail, and to him the King turned eagerly to talk of the lost, and heard not the Bishop's—

"She would then need a husband, sir." A moment the King pondered on Sir Stephen's words. Then—

"Roger de Belesme," snapped the King in a hurry, and went out. It was the first name that rose to his lips.

Then the Bishop went to Sir Bertram, the lieutenant of Sir Stephen, and begged him go, take the letter, and bring the lady back.

Sir Bertram found her most adorable, and returned with a heart aflame but heavy withal.

The next day and the next Sir Roger made love ardently, as a man does to a lady of many manors. What the lady thought of it or of him I profess I cannot tell. Sir Bertram, I know, thought very meanly of both, and, to tell truth, Sir Roger was inches too plump to be romantic. Bertram was not joyous, and that was noted by his friend and sworn brother, young Sir Harry of Silvermere.

That night a minstrel sang a provencal lay while Sir Roger leant plumply amorous over the Lady Elinor's chair; to whom came Sir Harry, and was greeted with a scowl from the knight and a smile from the lady. Even she drew her skirts from the chair at her side that Sir Harry might sit with her. And "The King hath not come, then, Sir Harry?" says the lady.

Harry opened his eyes wider.

"Not yet. On the morrow, I think."

"I am glad. I would speak to him."

And all to himself and silently: "Oho, oho!" said Sir Harry. But aloud—"

"Then, doubtless, we move. And, faith! we pine for war, save such"—and he bowed at Sir Roger—"as be more than happy here."

"The Welshmen will not bide our coming. They be," quoth Sir Roger valiantly, "all runagate cowards."

"H'm. Well, at least we lie in a pleasant place. Noble hawking there is on the westward hills." In truth, those hills breed naught; but that, for certain, is what he said.

"We have had no sport," says the lady. "Ah! but we have not been on the hills."

"Not on the hills?" cried Harry, amazed. "Why, 'tis the place of all others." Heaven forgive him the speech.

"The hills are not safe," said Sir Roger sharply. "The border Welsh——"

"Be all runagate cowards," Sir Harry murmured.

The lady laughed.

"Surely we must take to the hills, Sir Roger?" said she.

"Nay, Elinor, in faith——"

"Why, do you fear, sir?"

"I fear naught for myself. But for you——"

"And I fear nor for you nor for myself, sir," said the lady sharply. And, having thus aided the course of love, Sir Harry removed himself. His conduct is worthy stern reproof, but mark what he did next!

Bertram he found alone and moody.

"*Pardi*, Bertram. I have sought you long!" The Angel of Truth—if there be one—surely hid his face. "Lad, the fellow Roger is a fool. Guess what I have heard? Why, that on the morrow they would go a-hawking on the hills. Think, lad! to take a lady over the marsh!"

"Mad he must be," Bertram muttered with furrowed brow. For the danger was real, and he, the bred soldier, knew it better than a carpet knight such as Roger de Belesme. Feared it, too, more since he feared for one he loved, and the plump Roger only for his own skin.

"By your leave, sir, the tailor," says Harry's squire, putting a solemn face round the curtain. Harry jumped and broke away.

Nor now can I excuse him for demanding of the tailor four loose jerkins of yellow leather by the morrow's noon; nor deny that he swore when the tailor said it might not be. I find it very painful to relate that when the tailor meekly offered him buckram, professing that yellow buckram and yellow leather are the same to all men at two paces off, Sir Harry shook the tailor by both hands.

Now we come on the steep, bare hills of the Welsh marshes, hard by where Cwm now stands. See a knight and a lady riding, falcon on wrist. The knight peers about him every instant—is, in fact, an apprehensive and plump knight. Far away behind, the sun was glinting on another pair of golden spurs. Followed another knight, a big man, trotting easily.

Sir Harry foretold sport. Sport, truly, was found. The two riders are dismounted, and knight and lady watch their falcons soar. Behold, from that grey limestone crag break a troop of riders in the yellow jerkins of Wales. They scream shrill, haply in Welsh, and their long hair streams in the wind as they gallop. Most horrific are they. Fearsome the javelins they hurl from afar.

To the saddle sprang Sir Roger—never man mounted at better speed—and dashed in his spurs and galloped headlong away.

"Ride, Elinor, ride!" he cried bravely.

But ride, alack! she could not, for she had no horse. The whistling javelins, and the gleam of them had frighted her palfrey, and it broke away from her and fled. Alone she was left to face the most awesome charge of those yellow jerkins. Yelling they galloped on, and now she could see the foam on their horses.

The girl stood alone, straight and very white, one gauntleted hand on her heart. Out from the hillside above broke a great shout—

"*Maison du Roy! Maison du Roy!*" the hills echoed it rolling back. Galloping madly, down rushed Bedivere and Sir Bertram, an avalanche of war.

The Welshmen pulled up jerkily, looked long at the knight, appeared not to like the air of him. They shook their heads, laughed, and galloped off in the tracks of Sir Roger, who turned his head and saw them and spurred amain. For he judged that they had slain the lady, and had no wish to be with her in heaven for awhile. Yet he remembered to regret that she had been slain before he married her, and not after. Since she had died a maid, her lands, you see, passed to the Crown.

To the Lady Elinor, thus easily saved, came Sir Bertram, crying—

"Art hurt, lady?"

"Faith, no!" but she hung on his hands and looked into his eyes long. "But without you, sir——" she said softly. Then: "He—he fled and left me."

"He shall account!" said Bertram through his teeth. Still he held her hands.

"No." Bertram let her hands fall and drew back. She gave a queer little laugh. "What do I care if he flee or bide—such as he?" She stamped her little foot. "Shall I be prey of his, sir? I had rather lie under the sod!"

"Coward and niderling he is!" said Bertram.

"Yet you brought me to him, knowing!"

"I knew not, lady, nor knew I you." A step he made to her, his eyes afire. His arm was round her—then suddenly back he sprang. Some sound had come to the quick soldierly ear—a sound with which the Yellow Jerkins on Sir Roger's trail had naught to do. With a muttered oath he caught her in his arms and swung to the saddle.

"Here be more!" he muttered in her ear. But she looked up smiling. At least she lay over his heart.

Now these new Welshmen wore yellow indeed, but they shouted not at all nor threw any spears. Two on little mountain ponies, a score on foot, came creeping round the shoulder of the hill.

"Trust me, lady," Bertram whispered, and—

"Always," she said.

The two mounted Welsh broke into a gallop, for a tired horse with a double burden was to be an easy prey. Closer came the patter of the ponies' galloping hoofs, and the sword was not even drawn. And Bertram lifted the girl and, leaning far back in the saddle, set her on the ground. Then on the instant at touch of spur round swung Bedivere, his hind-legs under him. Two feet Bertram swayed in the saddle, and the Welshman's spear rushed bootless by. Not so the Welshman. A mighty backward buffet sent him rolling down the hillside. Not so his fellow, whose spear was jerked from his hand and broken over his head. Stunned he fell, and Bertram vaulted down and snatched his shield, caught up the girl, and galloped away.

"Ah, my knight!" said the girl softly.

"The worst is not met," said Bertram, looking through the sunlight to the yellow coats of the footmen. The girl laughed low.

And then a most strange thing befell. Rose on the air a roar—

"Points! Points!" Shoulder to shoulder, knee to knee, gleaming in chain mail, galloping down from the hill-top came four knights. There were Gilbert of Stoke, and Harold of Kenley, and Raoul de Dormont, and Harry of Silvermere. How can I tell what they were doing on the hills? Down they came, and those footmen in yellow stayed not to meet them—scattered, fled.

"*Pardi!* This was not in the plan—this was not at all in the plan," mutters Harry, reining up, and: "Oh, by the father of lies! now we must meet Bertram. . . . Raoul, if you laugh, I will break your crackling ribs!" There was a curious choking chuckle from the four. Then, wheeling round, they saluted Bertram gravely, and: "Sorely we grieve you have been troubled by these bickerings, lady," says Harry, solemn as an owl.

"The Lady Elinor is much beholden to you," says Bertram.

"These malapert Welsh!" cried Harry severely. Whereat Raoul gurgled, and the others looked fire and steel at him.

"In truth I thank you all. And they have done me no hurt," said Elinor, who was still between Bertram's arms. There was, you see, no other place.

So, all much content, they began to ride homeward.

"Did you mark that fire on the hills, Harry?" said Bertram.

"Faith, no!" says Harry. The four shaded their eyes and stared like one man. "But indeed——"

"That is a fire," said Gilbert hastily, who was expecting to hear Harry say it was a waterfall or a dragon, and wished to spare his conscience.

"'Tis on the hill," said Raoul.

"Most strange," said Harold. "But, faith! who knows the ways of the Welsh?"

While they are riding back to Whitchurch, let me tell what had happened there. King Edward was come back in high good humour, for all things now were ready for war. With Henry Lacy, the Earl of Lincoln, and Sir Stephen he was walking before his pavilion, when they saw Sir Roger de Belesme spurring over the mead.

"By Gabriel and Michael, here comes a fat loon in haste!" says the king. "Why, 'tis my blissful bridegroom."

"Humph! And is he galloping from his bride or towards her?" growled the Earl of Lincoln.

"Faith, sir, you chose him not for his horsemanship!" said Sir Stephen,

(*Concluded on page 20.*)

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POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE

The Mining Man and His Wad.

THESE practical mining men have some curious experiences at times during their jaunts about the north country. Mr. G. W. Raynor, of the Macdonald-Raynor mines, was coming down the Montreal River recently, north of Gowganda, in a canoe with one companion, when they ran on a submerged tree and upset. The bow man could not swim but managed to get hold of the overturned canoe and climbed on top. Raynor got hold of one end, and, swimming on his back, succeeded in towing the whole outfit to the bank. The axe and frying pan and several other valuable articles were lost, however, including a roll of bills, secured with an elastic band, which floated away during his squirming in the water.

They spread out the blankets to dry in the sun, and, having wrung the water out of their outer garments, were running up and down the landscape to dry the rest of them. Raynor was 100 yards down the stream, keeping an eye out for anything which might have floated, when he espied his roll of bills clinging by a slender hold to a branch of cedar a few yards out from the shore.

Mr. Raynor was in the city for a few days while the Races were on; he remarks philosophically that not every fifty dollars lost in these parts during the last two weeks were so easily regained.

Toronto's Last Big Newspaper Fake.

NOT infrequently old-time newspaper men will be heard to deplore the paucity of real reporters nowadays—men who give it hot off the shovel every day like they used to do it. It is perhaps true that what was once known as "enterprise" is less esteemed in newspaper offices nowadays than a sane and conscientious covering of routine assignments which are heavy enough in this growing city to keep the average man busy if he does his duty. The older men will have to admit, however, that one type has disappeared and that is the newspaper "fakir." Even Mr. Hearst who made this type his ideal for some years at the outset of his meteoric career now looks askance at the breed. Twenty years ago in Toronto and in most other cities of this continent the fakir was to be found unblushing in telling his exploits in the way of devising misinformation and a constant worry to his editor, who, admitting the necessity of having such a personage around the shop, was constantly afraid that some day the limit would be over-stepped.

The last big fake that was worked in a Toronto newspaper office and which practically put an end to the whole business in this community was perpetrated in the office of the now defunct Empire newspaper, and the reporter who concocted it is still living but a resident of Europe. It was in connection with the now almost forgotten murder of Dr. Cronin. Dr. Cronin was an Irish physician practising in Chicago, and at the time excitement was raging in Irish circles throughout the world over the Parnell investigation, then in progress in London, England. Spies were suspected of being on every doorstep. Cronin was a prominent member of the Chicago triangle of the Clan-na-Gael, and a rumor was abroad, as it afterward transpired, that he was a spy who was going to England to give evidence in support of the allegations of The London Times. One night Cronin disappeared, and, though the members of the Clan-na-Gael have always been very secretive, hardly a day passed before rumors of foul play were in the public ear. Within forty-eight hours it was a front-page mystery all over the continent.

Now there was at that time working in The Empire office a young Canadian who had served his apprenticeship as a reporter in Chicago. He knew Dr. Cronin, and it has even been said that he was for a time a member of the Clan-na-gael, though this would be a statement impossible to prove. One morning when the excitement over Cronin was at its height The Toronto Empire came out with the assertion that one of its reporters had met Cronin on Front street opposite the Walker House and had a long talk with him. It asserted that Cronin was in hiding here, and at the proper time would turn up in London to give evidence against Parnell. The reporter in question undoubtedly possessed a great deal of inside knowledge of the troubles in the Chicago triangle, which was news to even the journals of that city and was not slow to avail himself of the opportunities of supplying despatches to most of the leading sensational papers of the United States. His city editor was doubtful, but the fullness of the information he appeared to possess quieted his suspicions. Pinkerton men came on from Chicago and interviewed the reporter and he was very explicit, but respectfully disclaimed all knowledge of Cronin's hiding place.

One night he was sitting in the office of the G. N. W. telegraph Company writing copy on Cronin for The New York Herald and other big newspapers, when the news came through that the body of Cronin had been found at the mouth of a sewer. The papers which had already accepted his copy came out with big headlines: "Toronto reporter is a liar." And The New York Herald in some way secured a portrait of him and published it with the title line over his name and antecedents, "The Toronto Liar." He was even accused of being in the conspiracy with the six or seven men who were afterwards tried for the murder of Cronin to throw the Chicago police off the scent. This accusation was undoubtedly false, since the reporter was simply using, as he had often done before, his accurate knowledge of the actual situation to build up a fake.

He always maintained that he had from inside knowledge thought that Cronin was on his way to London and that he was anticipating the facts and giving the papers he worked for "scoops." By this means he managed to save his bacon with his editor but was from thenceforth so distrusted that he was obliged to drift out of newspaper work, which, luckily for him, was not a bread-and-butter proposition.

The McAvity Brothers.

ONE of the Toronto morning papers may be interested in hearing that the President of the New Brunswick Liberal Association was at the King Edward Hotel last week. His name is John McAvity, not George; and he lives, not in St. John's, but in St. John, the only St. John on the map.

"George couldn't come; he's busy spending the $35,000," said a friend.

But it is doubtful if McAvity either spent the money or kept it. Its disposal may be explained about the same time as the intricacies of the Central Railway accounts are unravelled. Mr. McAvity knows that everybody knows that there must be campaign funds, and the method of their creation need not be too closely examined. He suggests that if the Conservative party will abandon the picayune methods of Foster, and get after the big things, there may be some surprising results. Rather like the Greeks bearing gifts, this advice, yet it is tendered in good faith. The New Brunswick boss declares he and his province are disgusted with the Ottawa government, a sentiment which it is too early for the latter to reciprocate, in view of Mr. Pugsley's triumph last October.

The name McAvity is pronounced with the accent on the third syllable (Mackavit-y); not Mackav-ity, as the vulgar have it; nor Mackavee-ty, after the manner of Sir James Whitney. The President of the N. B. Liberal Association and his five brothers all weigh over two hundred pounds, and the family comes from the North of Ireland, which has sent many thrifty people to Canada.

Runs in the Family.

REV. W. E. A. LEWIS, rector of Mt. Clemens, Mich., was born and bred in Wellington County, Ontario, and while loyal to the country of his adoption will not let the land of his birth be maligned. Righting some gross misstatements regarding Canada while at the summer camp of a number of youthful Yankees last year, his quick wit and the laugh which followed extricated him from what bade fair to be a heated argument.

"If you have such a high opinion of Canada why did you leave there?" questioned one lad hotly.

"I came to this country, my boy," said the rector with a smile, "as a missionary."

Mrs. Lewis, his mother, is a staunch Canadian, and from her he has inherited both his wit and his love for the land of the maple. Mrs. Lewis' eldest daughter is the wife of Rev. R. T. W. Webb of St. John's Church, Detroit. Some of the ladies of the parish were particularly anxious to enroll Mrs. Webb as a Daughter of the Revolution. Mrs. Webb protesting she was not eligible, they appealed to her mother, asking if she could not think of some way in which her daughter could trace back a connection with 1776.

"Well, yes," replied Mrs. Lewis, her blue eyes, undimmed by time and many troubles, twinkling merrily, "my mother's people left Pennsylvania rather than fight against the King."

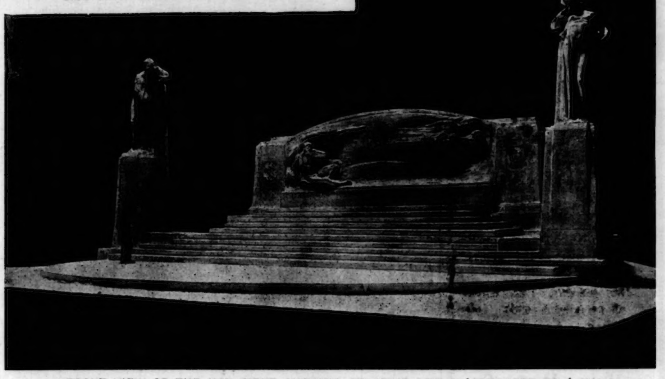
AS HE LOOKS TO "VET."

This is the conception of John D., "from whom oil blessings flow," formed by J. S. Anderson ("Vet"), who is regarded as one of America's greatest caricaturists.

A TORONTO SCULPTOR'S WORK

THE successful design for the Bell Memorial at Brantford is particularly interesting, not only as being the work of a Toronto artist, but also on account of its radical departure from the conventional type of such monuments. As has already been announced, Mr. Walter S. Allward, of this city, bore away the palm from such men as Hill, Hebert, and Hamilton McCarthy, of Montreal, Partridge of New York, and Pausch, of Buffalo. But the accounts so far published give but scanty information as to the nature and meaning of the design, whose superiority was so marked as to lead Partridge, one of the contestants, to state that it was the only one for the purpose, and that there was hardly any use of his leaving his model at all.

SIDE VIEW OF THE BELL MEMORIAL.



FRONT VIEW OF THE MONUMENT, SHOWING RELATIVE SIZE AS COMPARED TO A MAN.

As can be seen from the accompanying illustrations, the design consists of a central panel carved in low relief and two figures heroic in size, which stand at the extreme ends of the monument, thus suggesting wide distances. And this in fact is the key-note of the whole design, this suggestion of great intervals across which man sends his voice. One of the large figures is speaking and the other listens, and this with the intimation of distance gives the strikingly simple and dignified motive of the design. It is carried out with a little fuller detail in the carvings on the panel. There a half-recumbent figure representing Man sends forth a troop of various messages across a rounded surface, which again conveys the idea of great distance. These messages are represented by shadowy figures depicting the various messages of joy and sorrow and anger and love. Over the recumbent figure of Man hovers a cloudlike, dimly descried form, whose hand touches his with a suggestion of a wire, and which reaches forward in a gesture of boundless power. This is evidently the spirit of Electricity which enables Man to send forth his messages over the rounded earth. Even on the back of the panel, the same idea is again carried out, giving a perfect unity to the whole conception. There are four pilasters on this side of the panel, and about the tops of them are wreathed the emblems of the four great nations of the earth. A rounded surface stretches between, and across this run wires establishing a connection between the pilasters and the countries they represent. As for the scale of size in which these conceptions are worked out, the monument is to be about fifty feet across, and the figures are all to be heroic in stature. The only place where Dr. Bell or the telephone are directly given is in the small panels at each end of the large central panel. One of these is to contain a portrait of Dr. Bell and the other of his invention.

Mr. Allward, the author of this excellent design, is still a young man, being only thirty-three years of age, but he has already done some very fine work, among which might be mentioned the Simcoe and Mowat monuments in this city, and the Nicholas Flood Davin memorial in Ottawa. Some of his later achievements are the design for the South African monument, the Macdonald statue to be erected in Queen's Park, and the Baldyin Lafontaine monument to be placed before the House of Parliament, Ottawa. This last is an especially fine design, and shows the manner in which his work has gone on broadening in scope and gaining in simplicity and dignity. There is every reason to look for big things from this young Toronto artist, who, though almost entirely self-taught, has already such a fine record of accomplishment behind him.

Trouble Over a Veil.

"I HAVE decided to forswear all kinds and conditions of floating fluttering veils henceforth and forever more," announced an attractive young Toronto matron recently.

"Why?" gasped her feminine audience. "They are as fashionable as ever."

"Not for me," responded the Y.T.M., "since my experience of the other day. I was on a Yonge Street car, and there was a strong north wind which kept blowing the ends of my veil over my shoulder. Time after time I put it back, on each occasion getting a little more exasperated. When it came over for about the hundredth time, giving me a stinging swipe in the eye, I grabbed it angrily and drawing it down firmly, stuffed the end under my arm. At this juncture there came a squeal from the seat behind me, and a vinegary feminine voice said, 'Madam, what *are* you trying to do with my veil?'"

"I turned hastily to meet the malevolent gaze of a majestic individual whose hat was perched rakishly on the extreme limit of her back hair, while with speechless mortification I realized that the veil depending from it was still clutched in my guilty hand."

The Literary Digester.

WHEN Chesterton wrote "The Club of Queer Trades," he omitted at least one unusual occupation, perhaps because it was not his own invention. I refer to the employment some time ago adopted by young women with a turn for reading, who read all the latest books and impart the grist thereof to their more fortunate sisters—those with more money and less time. To the simple, the crafty and the wise of Bacon's category, who respectively admire, condemn, and use books, there is a new class to be added—those who pretend to their use, and can back up their pretences. The professional digester of popular novels, and other books that are talked about, is an established institution in the United States, and at least one of the craft has set up business in Toronto. There are also those who devote themselves to this work not for cash, but to save the credit of their relatives or friends.

"You'll have to find another man for your little game, boys," said a city hall official to his housemates, one evening recently. "My sister has 'Somehow Good' from the library, and must return it to-morrow. She hasn't had time to read it, and I must read it for her to-night, or she won't know anything about it when she goes out."

Colonel M. M. de Hora, president of a mining company in Montana, recently arrived in New York from a tour of Europe, and he brought with him many valuable gifts. There were two boxes of the decorations, which numbered about seventy and included several conferred by South American republics and gifts of sovereigns and potentates all over the world. Colonel de Hora has been a soldier of fortune, and has seen adventure in many regions. He was born in what is now Arizona, fought Indians in the West, was educated as a mining engineer, and in the course of his career drifted to South Africa, taking part in the Matabele rebellion. During the Boer War he was made chief of police in Johannesburg. He won the title of colonel there.

A widow or heirs of a man killed in a duel or a fight he has sought, according to a recent decision by the United States Court of Appeals, can not collect insurance on a policy held by the man killed. The case in which the decision was rendered came up from the northern district of Texas, and was styled Mrs. Lee Maner versus the Pennsylvania Mutual Life Insurance Company. The amount of insurance involved was $100,000. The decision of the lower court was sustained.

Useless Griefs.

A hundred years ago and more, men wrung their hands and walked the floor, and worried over this and that, and thought their cares would squash them flat. Where are those worried beings now? The bearded goat and festive cow eat grass above their mouldered bones, and jay birds call in strident tones. And where the ills they worried o'er? Forgotten all for ever more. Gone all the sorrow and the woe that lived a hundred years ago. The grief that makes you scream to-day like other griefs, will pass away; and when you have cashed your little string, and jay birds o'er your bosom sing, the stranger, pausing there to view the marble works that cover you, will think upon the uselessness of human worry and distress. So let the worry business slide, live while you live, and when you've died, the folks will say, around your bier: "He made a hit while he was here."

MINE UNCLE

THERE is a prejudice against pawnbrokers, a prejudice deep-seated and widespread. They are regarded as commercial harpies, vultures that mangle the bodies of the financially dead. No one has a good word to say for them, least of all the people who have had dealings with them either to buy or to sell. There must of course be some foundation for any belief so nearly universal and so uncompromising. And there are beyond question pawnbrokers who deserve all the evil that can be said of them, men who are ruthless as hungry wolves, and who prey savagely on the weak and indigent. Such men as these traffic in human misery. They consider not the value of the object they buy or sell, but the need of the seller or buyer. They are harpies, vampires, anything you like. But there are others, too—and they are at least equally numerous—who carry on this business honestly and fairly. It is true that they give little for what they buy. The proportion between the price and the value of the object is frightfully low, as many a poor devil has found to his cost, but then they sell for little.

I once bought a cigarette-case, a beautiful thing of chased silver, the product of some high-class English workshop. It would have been worth when new at least fifteen dollars. I got it for two. After I had paid for it I asked the broker how he was able to sell such a beautiful piece of work for so little. Two dollars hardly paid for the silver in it.

"I got it for sixty cents," he said.

"Sixty cents!" I exclaimed, "have you no conscience?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

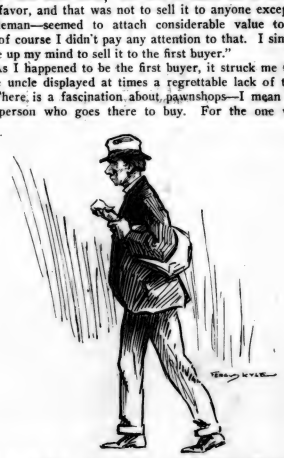
"I could not afford to give more. I have had it over six months and might have had it as many years. And now I am letting you have it for two dollars. That does not allow me any unreasonably large profit."

And he was right. The pawnbroker gives little for his goods, because he gets little for them. The people who go to him to buy are looking for bargains, and they will not buy unless the inducement is great. And so he is forced to name figures which seem like robbery to the indigent who seek him in their dire need, with perhaps their last possessions of the slightest value. Take that cigarette-case, for instance. I asked the pawnbroker about the person from whom he had bought it. He told me—I often dropped into his shop and chatted with him—that it was a man who seemed to be an English army captain, down on his luck.

"He called me a robber when I gave him the sixty cents" said mine uncle, "and then he asked me to do him one favor, and that was not to sell it to anyone except a gentleman—seemed to attach considerable value to it. But of course I didn't pay any attention to that. I simply made up my mind to sell it to the first buyer."

As I happened to be the first buyer, it struck me that mine uncle displayed at times a regrettable lack of tact.

There is a fascination about pawnshops—I mean for the person who goes there to buy. For the one who



goes to sell it is not so much a fascination as a horrible necessity. But for the casual purchaser, the man or woman who drops in and rummages about to see if there is anything that suits their fancy, there is a fascination about it that grows stronger and stronger, till it becomes a fixed habit, and the gilded balls are a triple lure for them. What a topsy-turvy world a well stocked pawnshop is! Revolvers and deadly looking knives lie side by side with delightfully fashioned jewelry of foregone generations. Articles of mere utility, sordid household utensils, are piled up with dainty bric-a-brac that we have lost the art of making. Old furniture is there, too, sometimes of fine old wood finely carved. And there are musical instruments from mouth-organs to violins, any number of them, for it seems that this is one of the first things the needy soul disposes of. When a gentleman becomes reduced in circumstances to a really serious extent, he hies him off to uncle with his revolver or his violin, according to his disposition. These are luxuries and the pawnshops are always well stocked with them. Clothes are generally the last resort, but one is forced to part with even them sometimes; and so the wardrobe of mine uncle is always well stocked with garb of many sizes and colors and ages. Altogether it is a strange, motley collection, that has been thrown together by chance and human need at the sign of the gilded balls, as full of the beautiful and the ugly, of worth and of waste, as are the motley lives of men. And it is all jumbled together higgledy-piggledy, topsy-turvy, seemingly with as little design and order as the big jumbled world. But mine uncle knows each thing in its place, and he can lay his hand upon it almost without looking.

And what a motley crew are mine uncle's patrons—those who go to sell. The conventionally respectable folk who own their homes and "drive gigs," according to Carlyle's famous definition, have no place amongst them. They are all people with stories, often stories of sordid vice and misery or of wild thoughtless extravagance, but still stories, full of the interest called human. Young bloods who have exceeded "pater's" allowance, rub elbows at the counter of mine uncle with bedraggled ladies who have exceeded almost every other allowance. Frowzy old tatterdemalions who sleep where they can and eat on the same precarious terms, take their stand in the little board partitions along side frilled and scented damsels who are down on their luck and so "hock" their "shiners" while waiting for the better days. And there are the pitiable cases, too, of the destitute through no fault of their own, who must sell what they have in order that they may live. These are the people who slip in furtively, carrying concealed from view household utensils and articles of clothing. They have no reason to be ashamed, for they are the victims of circumstance, but they are overwhelmed with fear and confusion; while the others stride in boldly as though about to engage in some high and honorable emprise, and they conduct their dealings in loud and assured tones.

And mine uncle is the confidant of all these. He is familiar with their stories, both what they tell and what they try to conceal. The name of "uncle" by which the pawnbroker goes is evidence of the relation in which he stands to his customers. But he is no kindly, benevolent old uncle, such as pulls the reckless young hero out of his scrapes in well constructed romances. His face rarely shines with sympathy, and if there is a gleam in his eye it is the gleam of cupidity. In his dealings he is the incarnation of the selfish spirit of barter. No prayers move him, and cajolery is thrown away. One might as well try to tickle a rhinoceros with a feather duster. But hard as he is and careful as he is, his business is a more or less precarious one, and he seldom gets rich. A competence is about the best he can hope for. But then think of the fun of the game. Think of the sides of life he comes in contact with. One can hardly understand how a pawnbroker could fail to be a philosopher after a few years of it. Perhaps they do grow ripe in mellow wisdom—but somehow they seldom impress one that way.

A pawnbroker friend of mine whom I occasionally visit—with a view to purchasing, be it understood—has among his goods a gruesome object which is not up for sale. It is a revolver, a cheap nickled thing of the bull-dog type, and there is a story attached to it. A man came in one day and bought it. He was a pale-faced little man of few words, whose hands trembled as he counted out the money for it. The pawnbroker remembered all that afterwards. At the time he paid little attention to it. But the next day he read in the papers how this little man with the pale face and the trembling hands went out from his store and shot to death a big vigorous man whom he accused of ruining his home. There was a trial of course, and the little man went to the penitentiary for life. Mine uncle was a witness; and afterwards with a morbid covetousness he obtained possession of the revolver from the authorities. He keeps it and tells the story occasionally.

In contrast to this revolver which he never sells, he once showed me a gold watch which he buys and sells at least once a month. It was a magnificent watch, one of these timepieces which do not limit their activities to merely telling the time, but have a split-second attachment, ring the hours and the quarters, and perform half a dozen feats besides. So far as I can remember, the only thing lacking to this chronometer was a gramaphone attachment. And of course there was a story attached to it, the story of a fool and his money—also his mother. It seems that when young hopeful needed money and mother refused it, he immediately handed his watch over to uncle, who became so accustomed to the transaction that when he saw him coming he at once went to the cash drawer and counted out the money. When the money was gone the prodigal repented, and mother would forthwith proceed to damage a fatted bank roll, in order that his faithful time piece might be restored to him once more. A few weeks would go by and then the whole story would be repeated.

It would take volumes to do anything like justice to a subject so large as pawnshops and their keepers, those who buy there, and above all those who sell. Every one of those dusty, musty places of barter, with their revolvers and watches in the windows, and their dangling lines of clothes hideously suggestive of suspended malefactors, holds the clue to tragedies and comedies of sufficient interest and variety to stock a dozen *comedies humaines* were there a dozen Balzacs to write them. And the men who preside over these dingy shops, if they had eyes for aught but buying and selling, might have looked on naked human hearts. No gayly decked stores filled with new and beautiful things can have half the meaning and deep appeal of these unlovely scenes of furtive exchange. For at mine uncle's every article has been used and bears the stamp of the human life it has entered into. Under the triple shadow of the gilded balls all things, even the most ordinary and commonplace—and perhaps these most of all—bear with them, if one but knew, the chronicles of passion and strange experience, of grieving and rejoicing, of careless prodigality, or aching need of reckless trust in luck or the final tragedy of forfeited hope. Their every dint and rent and stain is eloquent, and there is boundless material for poet or sage in the domain of mine uncle. But unfortunately mine uncle has a welcome for none but customers.

A PATRON.

The Disillusioned.

By JAMES P. HAVERSON.

WE are the Disillusioned
Who wage the hopeless wars,
Through ways of doubt still beating out
The victory of scars.

We are the Disillusioned
Who scoff at man's renown,
Who know that Fame's a phantom flame
And Love's a tattered gown.

To us, in every silence,
There comes a voice that sings
Of other days in other ways—
Dear half-forgotten things.

While we, the empty-handed,
Grown pitifully wise,
Know all the quests are bootless jests
And life a vain emprise.

We are the shackled prisoners
Who walk with whips and jeers,
Whose feet must tread, till we are dead,
The lock-step of the years.

Weary and heavy laden,
We laugh lest we should weep;
Each of the grave alone may crave
The goodly boon of sleep.

We are the Disillusioned
Who, knowing, strove in vain
For bootless goals—God rest our souls—
Send us our dreams again.

At The Woodbine

Some of the Prominent Performers

The Banquet of the Royal Society.

NOT the least interesting part of the proceedings of the Royal Society of Canada which comes annually is the banquet which closes its work of each year. Owing to the fact, however, that many of the members leave for their respective homes at the close of the session of the Society, the attendance is not as large as it should be.

This year the banquet was held in the Russell House, Ottawa, and was presided over by Dr. Bryce, the newly elected president.

The Society was represented at the banquet by a goodly number of the English-speaking and French-speaking members. Prominent among the French members were Mr. Roy, the retiring president, and Mr. Benjamin Sulte. Among the highest members present were: Prof. Wrong, of Toronto University; Dr. W. Campbell, Dr. Henry J. Morgan, and Justice Longley, of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Among the invited guests was Dr. Thomas, of Hagan, the Canadian critic and poet. The toasts elicited some excellent speaking, the address of Justice Longley being unquestionably the finest of the evening. Rarely, indeed, has it been the privilege of the Royal Society to listen to such a scholarly, polished and patriotic address. Never since the days of the Honorable Joseph Howe and the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee has the subject of Canadian patriotism and the future of our country been lifted to such a high and dignified plain of thought, or set forth in such apt and polished language.

Justice Longley gave the quietus forever to the misrepresentations that have been, at times, afloat in the press touching his views on the ultimate destiny of Canada. He pointed out in words unequivocal and eloquent what our duty as Canadians is and what should be the attitude of every Canadian citizen towards his native country.

It was a little unfortunate that in Mr. Barlow Cumberland's address he should have broached a delicate subject—the question of the French language as it is spoken to-day in Quebec. It is the old absurd idea that the French of Quebec speak only patois, when as a matter of fact, as Dr. Sulte pointed out, there is unmeasurably more patois in France than there is in Quebec. If Mr. Cumberland will turn to Dr. Morgan's "Bibleotheca Canadensis" he will find there a quotation taken from the biography of Etienne Parent where Sir James Le Moine relates that once, in conversation with the French historian Rameau, the latter spoke of two works of Mr. Parent and the Abbe Perland, adding that they could only be written in Paris, so pure and elegant was the French.

Some Remarkable Canadian Statistics.

STATISTICS are often dry reading (writes an Ottawa correspondent), but a special grain report just issued by the Department of Trade and Commerce is so illustrative of the growth of the golden West, that a few minutes may well be spared to give thought to the figures which it contains.

Take the great item of wheat, for instance. In 1900, the total wheat production in all Canada was 47,867,917 bushels, of which only 17,000,000 was grown west of the Great Lakes. Last year, Canada's production of wheat reached a total of 126,795,137 bushels, of which 105,613,454 were grown in the western provinces. The acreage under crop in 1900 was 1,870,260, but in 1908 it had risen to 6,813,020. The greatest development has taken place in Saskatchewan. There in 1905 the crop acreage under wheat was only 1,130,084; last year it was 3,703,563 acres.

Saskatchewan is rapidly beating Manitoba as the granary of the West. Three years ago Manitoba produced 55,761,416 bushels of wheat as against 26,107,286 in Saskatchewan; but last year Saskatchewan produced 50,654,629 bushels as compared with 49,654,629 by Manitoba.

And while "wheat is king," the development of the West is shown by the figures that, whereas in 1900 the total production of oats in all Canada was 108,015,481 bushels, last year the West alone grew 106,940,978 bushels, while the total for all Canada was 254,615,670 bushels. In barley, also, the West is rapidly out-stripping the East. In 1900 all Canada produced 20,322,666 bushels of barley; last year the West alone produced 23,636,546 bushels out of a total of 47,242,130 bushels.

Another significant illustration of the development of the West is the fact that while in 1900 there were 523 elevators with a capacity of 18,879 bushels, last year there were 1,354, with a capacity of 58,535,700 bushels.

One more striking fact, and this attempt to make a batch of figures interesting will be done. This is that the growth of the grain fields of the West has also meant an increase in Canadian shipping. In 1906 the amount brought east by Canadian vessels from Port Arthur and Fort William was 34,634,671 bushels; last year it was 48,309,104. In the same period the increase carried by United States vessels amounted only to a little over two million bushels.

Nicholas II., who ascended the throne as Czar of Russia fifteen years ago and married a granddaughter of Queen Victoria a month later, is forty-one years old. In compliment to him the peace conference which he called at The Hague opened on his birthday anniversary ten years ago.

American Slang on the London Stage.

MISS ROSE STAHL seems to be making something of a sensation in London with "The Chorus Lady." It is not so much her acting, good as it is, that fascinates her London lovers, as the choice slang with which the play is interlarded. A newspaper correspondent has visited the lady in order to plead for translations, but his success is a little doubtful, for while Miss Stahl is willing enough to oblige with alternative readings, she seems constitutionally unable to escape altogether from the atmosphere of slang necessitated by her part. Here is what the correspondent says:

I asked her what the chorus lady meant when she said, "The financial party that was backing the 'Moonlight Maids' got the chilblains."

"Got frosted feet, of course," Miss Stahl replied.

I said, "Oh!"

Then I asked her the meaning of: "When I think of the men I see other women stacked up against, you win easy."

"It means he's no flour-flusher," Miss Stahl explained.

"Thank you," I said. "And would you mind telling me what is the explanation of "Getting along on twenty per'?"

"Twenty bucks a week, twenty simoleons," said Miss Stahl.

"I see," I said. "Then that remark about 'Nix with the wealthy water'?"

"Afraid champagne would put her out of business," Miss Stahl said.

This was more intelligible. I tried another. "'Handing out the icy eye to the man behind the bank-roll.' That means?"

"Giving the rich guy the frozen face," said Miss Stahl.

"Thank you very much," I said. "And then what about 'the show's, on the pazaz'?"

"The 'Moonlight Maids' were on the blink and got it in the neck," explained the chorus lady.

I gasped, but continued. "What is the meaning of 'The comedians were a couple of morgues'?"

"A couple of dead ones," replied Miss Stahl, "a couple of has-beens."

"Yes," I said, "that makes it quite plain. And 'the big screech in this family'? How would you translate that into English?"

"The whole thing, the big noise," said Miss Stahl.

After all, I fancy that she made everything fairly clear. These American idioms are so expressive that most of them explain themselves. Miss Stahl told me that, despite the advice of some of her friends, she had refused to change a single word of "The Chorus Lady" for English consumption, and she considered that the result so far justified her decision.

Judge McKeown and Judge Barry.

THE recent appointments to the supreme court bench of New Brunswick represent the orange and the green. Judge McKeown is prominent among those who walk on the Twelfth, and Judge Barry is the first English-speaking Catholic who has been a Supreme Court Judge, although the province is one third Catholic. New Brunswick has a divorce court, and Judge McKeown will preside over it.

Both the new judges are relatively young men, Judge Barry being just over fifty, and his confrere several years on the sunny side of it. Both are amiable men, of rather more than average legal ability, and the worst that can be said of Judge McKeown is that he has been in politics, while Judge Barry is free even from that reproach.

MISS CHRISTOBEL PANKHURST.
From a recent photograph of the most conspicuous leader of the women suffragists in England.

MOTORS and MOTORING

ON Tuesday of this week Mayor McClellan, of New York, started the contestants in the New York-to-Seattle automobile race on their 4,000-mile journey. The same revolver shot that sent the ten competitors away marked the opening of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle. The contest is being conducted under the auspices of the Automobile Club of America. Each car bears official marks on several of its parts and these must be carried when it reaches its destination. As far as St. Louis the route is specified, running through Albany, Syracuse, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, and Chicago. Beyond St. Louis the contestants may choose their own route, but they must register at several points. Conditions of weather and roads will, of course, govern the time made to a considerable degree. It is expected, however, that the journey will be accomplished in from twenty-one to twenty-eight days. Each car must carry a certain complement of passengers.

* * *

The automobile service from Havre to Paris offered its patrons by the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique, consisting of the French line of mail steamers plying between New York and Havre is strikingly original. Arrangements have been made for the presence of automobiles on the pier upon the arrival of their steamers at Havre. These automobiles will convey passengers who may desire to take a trip through to Paris, with a stopover at Rouen for luncheon. It is a five hour journey, giving a tourist opportunity of seeing much of rural France. Before the vessels arrive at Havre reservation will be made by wireless for the number of automobiles required by each party, so that no delay will be experienced by those wishing to make the trip. The transfer agent at Havre will see to the checking of the baggage.

* * *

An American manufacturing company has become convinced that metal will supersede wood in the construction of automobile bodies, and has given up the use of wood panels. The manager of this company says: "By the use of the new moulding we are able to construct enclosed vehicles with much lighter frames than would be possible with wood panels. The time required to paint metal bodies is much shorter than is necessary for wood bodies, and because no filling is required on aluminum the color and varnish stand better and are free from the cracking that invariably appears on filled up wood panels after a period of hard service."

* * *

"It seems to me," said the man who likes automobiles the other day, "that the next generation ought to be automobile mad. The toys that children have all are such as would accustom them right from the start to machines. Every one knows the miniature automobiles that children have, which run with treadles they kick with their feet, but the other day I saw one that goes even further back toward babyhood.

"I saw a child being wheeled about in a sort of go-cart baby carriage, a child that couldn't have been over 3 years old. Extending back from the front of the carriage was a sort of steering post with a wheel attached, to which the child—it was a girl too—clung in the most natural way.

"The wheel had nothing to do with the management of the carriage. It seems to me that getting children used to the automobile habit so early ought to develop car fiends later on."

* * *

Dr. Nelson Jackson was the first man to cross America from West to East. He did it on a bet made in a San Francisco club. Fitting out his car with sleeping bags, a five gallon tank of fuel, rope and pulleys, an axe and shovel and repair tools, the doctor, with one companion, went along the west side of the Rocky Mountains into Oregon, then turned eastward.

Soon after leaving Sacramento, says The Travel Magazine, their troubles began. Where there was a wagon road it was usually only wide enough to allow a single vehicle to pass along it. When they were so unfortunate as to chance upon a wagon it was often a case of backing several miles or so until space could be found for one to squeeze past the other, for most of the thoroughfares hereabouts are called bench ways, a mere ledge cut in the mountain side, over which you might fall a thousand feet or more.

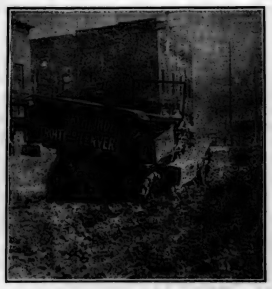
Bridges are unknown. When a stream of considerable size was reached one of the party waded in to sound its greatest depth and to test the firmness of the bottom. If he thought the machine could be driven through it was backed far enough away from the bank to get a good start, the full speed lever moved and a dash made for the other shore.

With the smaller creeks this plan was successful, but several times the wheels stuck in the soft mud of the bottom or lodged against a rock.

Then a rescuing outfit came into service. One end of the rope was connected with the running gear, the blocks attached to a neighboring tree and a post driven into the ground. Then the engine was started and the car pulled itself out of the stream.

Crossing the Sierras was exciting, particularly the descent from the summit of the divide to Lake Tahoe, about 8,000 feet below, where at one point the machine descended 800 feet in two miles, practically sliding that distance in nine and a half minutes under brakes.

The troublesome sand in Nevada was successfully combatted by using two strips of canvas which were laid upon it, thus forming a roadway over which the auto was forced. The alkali marl and innumerable washes encountered in the 300 mile stretch across the Humboldt Valley taxed the endurance of the car and travellers to the utmost.



DIFFICULTIES OF "PATHFINDING."

A good many stories have been told of the difficulties met with by the pathfinder car that picked out the route of the Glidden tour this year. This photograph will make them easy of belief. This was taken at a spot between Minneapolis and Omaha. At one point on this run the car accumulated 1,000 pounds of clay.

Even more annoying were the ravines and gulches of the desert, and here further trouble was caused by the depth of the ruts, the higher middle portions of the road frequently lifting the wheels of the car clear off the ground. The tough sage brush not only stripped off the canvas under the engine and the paint from the car body, but completely wore away as well the tough wooden handle of a shovel strapped underneath. The steep sides of many ravines were climbed by jumping the car by flywheel momentum.

The worst stretch of rock, tortuous and boulder strewn road was encountered in Soldiers' Canon, Utah. The hardest portion of the trip was over when Denver was reached, though beyond that city barbed wire cattle fences and irrigated ditches were often annoying.

Through parts of Nebraska and Iowa the muddy condition of the roads made the travel almost amphibious, but through Illinois to Chicago the conditions were excellent. From that city to New York little trouble was found.

* * *

In the "Prosperity" division of the great parade, which is to be a feature of the Queensboro Bridge celebration on June 12 (says Harper's Weekly, of New York) will be exhibited the first automobile built in the United States. This "devil car," as it was called, was the invention of Joseph Eno, of Newark, New Jersey, who received the patent for it in 1868.

This motor-car was an ordinary buggy drawn by a giant manikin which was propelled by steam. In the rear of the vehicle was arranged a furnace, boiler, and steam-chest, while coal was used for fuel. A series of pipes conveyed the steam to the manikin, which could walk over a smooth street at a rapid rate of speed, but was practically useless on cobblestones or rough roads. With steam issuing from its mouth and nostrils and stamping over the street with its steel feet, the "devil car" was awe-inspiring to superstitious people and always attracted a wondering crowd. Once the mechanism got out of order, and the thing ran many miles before it could be stopped.

The automobile was exhibited in the principal cities of Europe, and among the notable personages who rode in the strange vehicle was the Prince of Wales, now Edward VII. of England. Gen. U. S. Grant was also a passenger in New York City, and during the Modoc Indian War General Custer took it to the West as a means of frightening the hostile tribes into submission.

* * *

A new record of 16 hours and 45 minutes for the 500 miles between Los Angeles and San Francisco was established last week. The old record, which was reduced by thirty-two minutes, had stood for over a year. When the roads are considered, this record is looked upon as a remarkable performance, especially as a tire test. In making the run, an average speed of a little better than thirty-seven miles an hour was maintained.

* * *

A celebrated firm of manufacturers of steam cars announce that kerosene may be used as fuel in their 1910 models. This is an important innovation, as it is the first time a big automobile concern has suggested the use of any fuel but gasoline. The price of the latter commodity has been steadily rising, and if kerosene can be substituted for it to any extent the result will be hailed with satisfaction in the motoring world. Kerosene can be purchased anywhere, and it is said to contain about fifteen per cent. more heat than gasoline. The company in question has worked on a kerosene burner for ten years, but just lately developed it to an extent to be recommended. It can be adjusted for the use of gasoline if the latter fuel is desired.

PNEUMATIC.

The Old-Fashioned Bonnet.

HOW dear to my heart is the old-fashioned bonnet,
The old-fashioned bonnet that Nell used to wear;
Without any plums and red cherries stuck on it—
The bonnet that didn't require phony hair.
The dish-pan effect may be stylish and stunning,
The wastepaper basket that's lately come in
May be quite the rage and recherche and cunning,
But give me the hat she tied under her chin.

—Detroit Free Press.

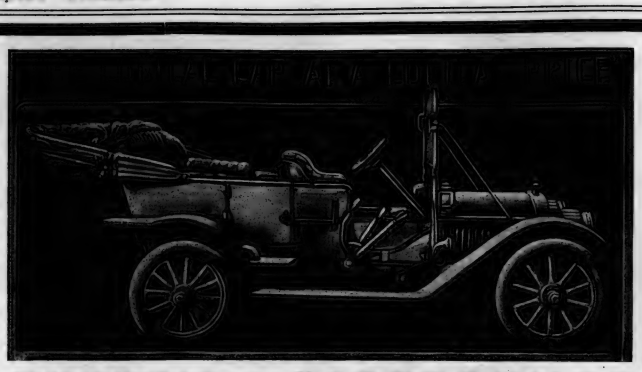
Hereafter.

THIRTY years ago that brilliant and somewhat elusive writer, Mr. William Hurrell Mallock, startled us into uneasy speculation by asking boldly, "Is Life Worth Living?" For months we debated the subject, aided or impeded by Mr. Mallock's arguments, and then settled slowly down into our original way of thinking. The desirability of life was not, after all, a determining factor. We were up against it, whether we liked it or not, and had to stand by our guns. The one thing we could best afford was to let speculation drop.

The world has traveled far since 1879. To-day Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson comes forward with a far more appalling problem: "Is Immortality Desirable?" challenging us in no uncertain terms to rouse our tranquil souls and answer. The old, simple notion that if we believe in a hereafter we had better prepare for it, and that if we don't believe in it, we had better prepare anyhow—on the chance—finds no favor in Mr. Dickinson's eyes. "Lazy acquiescence either in the dogmas of religion or in those of science," are, he holds, unworthy of the thinking man. We certainly are not called upon to decide whether or not we will accept immortality. Even Mr. Dickinson tacitly admits that the choice does not lie with us. Neither does he suggest any method by which we can get rid of it. But we may make up our minds as to its desirability, if we deem our decision of value.

The arguments which Mr. Dickinson advances in behalf of his somewhat nebulous views are nobly and earnestly expressed. His style must always win a hearing. But there is an ominous reference at the close of the book to the "scientific method and critical faculty" of the Society for Psychical Research, which chills the blood in our veins. Die we must. All of us admit, and few of us regret the necessity. But we draw the line at performing any ghostly antics afterwards. If we are to leave our dignified darkness in order to rap senilities, by the grace of a supersensitive medium, for the enlightenment of the Society for Psychical Research, the question "Is Immortality Desirable?" is all too quickly answered.—Agnes Repplier, in Life.

It is not the worst liar who makes a hit, but the best.—Life.



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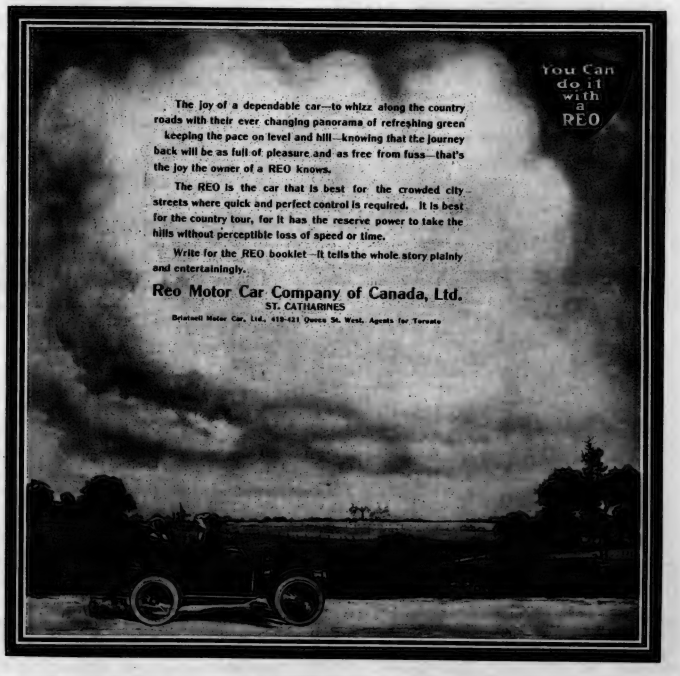

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TORONTO race followers have certainly proved themselves good judges of horses at this meet, for they have picked the winners time and time again, so much so that some of the bookies were reported to be badly in the hole. The favorites have had their innings this time all right, all right, though of course the outsiders got a look in now and then. Last Tuesday was a day for outsiders, no less than three long shots taking the money, one of them starting out at forty to one. But to offset this, there were days like last Saturday, when six favorites took their races, and the only one who was beaten came in second, while the heavily played second choice won. This is the sort of thing that makes a meet a success for the general public. Of course, the bookies take an entirely different view of the matter—but who is going to waste sympathy on the bookie anyway?

* * *

THE lacrosse season is on at last, and it is pleasant to record that the first game proved a win for Tecumseh. And their victory is all the more welcome inasmuch as they defeated a strong and confident team on their own grounds. In Montreal everyone was confident that the Montreal team would win, but the Indians managed to convince the public after playing ten minutes overtime that this confidence was not altogether justified. And much of the credit of the win is due to the new men that the Tecums hs were trying out in the place of Querrie, Murton and Davidson of last year's team. It was the presence of these new men that caused Montreal hopes to soar, but the game was not on long before it was realized that the "tenderfeet" were putting up as efficient a game as any seasoned old veterans could furnish. Kinsman, especially, the new goal keeper, did splendid work, and the defence proved almost impregnable. Altogether the indications are that the team which takes the championship from the Tecumsehs this year will certainly have to go some.

* * *

CRICKET lovers will be interested by the stirring account in The Daily Mail of London of the famous match between the Australians and Surrey, in which Surrey won out in a sensational finish. The story runs as follows:

"Thirty-nine runs wanted and six wickets to fall! Hitch and Mr. Crawford were bowling, but the latter put Marshal on at the Vauxhall end, and in his first over he got Mr. Ransford leg-before. Loud cheers—but Mr. Trumper was still in, and there were such batsmen as Messrs. Macartney, McAlister, Carter, and Cotter, the great slogger, to follow. Surrey were making a good fight, but victory surely was beyond their grasp. Hardly had the thought flashed through the mind before Mr. Trumper was seen walking back to the pavilion. He had touched a "going away" one from Mr. Crawford and the catch was greedily snapped up by Hayes.

"Two good bats had fallen without a run being scored, and things were looking better—but these Australians are desperate strugglers, and revel in a "tight corner." Mr. Crawford was wide awake to the possibilities, however, and with excellent judgment took Marshal off, although he had taken a wicket, and put on Rushby, who had proved ineffectual against the outgoing batsmen.

A groan went round the field when in the new bowler's first over Hayes in the slips missed a sharp chance offered by Mr. Macartney. Gradually the score crept up, and the two "Macs" added twelve runs before Strudwick, standing back to Rushby, caught Mr. Macartney.

Now there seemed to be a real chance of Surrey bringing off the unexpected, and the chance became a possibility when Strudwick, jumping across to the leg-side, knocked up the ball which Mr. Carter had touched, and as he fell full length on the ground held it safely close to the ground. The spectators rose as one man to this splendid effort, and for a moment Bedlam seemed let loose.

Again a silence that could be felt as Mr. Cotter, who "knocks the cover off the ball," took his place at the wicket, and after Mr. McAlister had had a narrow escape of being run out to the accompaniment of a deep throated "Oh!" all round the ground, proceeded to drive Mr. Crawford briskly to the pavilion rails. Things looked bad again. Five more of these smacks would finish the match. Again a hush, and again Bedlam intensified. for Rushby had knocked Mr. Cotter's leg stump flying.

Nineteen runs wanted, and only one more wicket to fall. The match is surely won. Mutual congratulations all round the field, and a general preparation for a stampede to the pavilion rails.

Mr. Whitty is a bowler, but he had scored 11 not out in the first innings, and he faced the situation splendidly. After Mr. McAlister had scored a couple of singles his partner scored a 4 to leg off a loose one from Rushby, and then Mr. McAlister scored a 3 off Mr. Crawford. The spectators' spirits dropped from boiling point to zero. Only 6 more runs wanted and these two men were far too cool.

Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and on goes Lees in place of Rushby. The desperation policy succeeds, for up goes a chance in the slips. Hitch holds it. The match is over. Surrey has won by 5 runs. Bedlam is again let loose, and the pavilion is besieged.

* * *

AT the New York A.C. boathouse at Travers Island a new eight oared shell has just been finished, and it is a remarkable departure from the models seen heretofore on this side of the Atlantic. The craft is from a design by E. J. Gianinni, the Winged Foot rowing coach, who has devoted a good many years to studying and experimenting with the different types of racing shells.

As a whole the boat is not constructed after the plans of any particular school but might be put down as a sort of composite model with lines from other distinguished types here and there and mixed with some real innovations. One of the peculiar points of the new shell is that her centre of buoyancy is situated differently from any shell of the orthodox class prevailing here. She belongs to the short class of boat now all the rage in England, being not quite 60 feet in length, but her most pronounced departure is in the bow section.

Forward of the washbox she is full to an extreme never seen in American boats, yet she is nicely rounded and enters the water clean and will be in no way stumpy or snub nosed. In explaining the idea of the beam forward, Gianinni says that a shell should be built with the purpose of riding as close as possible to the top of the water and not through it. In the old style of shell, narrow forward, every time the crew made a stroke the nose of the shell buried itself in the water, and then she was so deep down that there was no run to her between the strokes and she stopped plumb before the oars caught the water for another stroke. The new boat will not be used until late in the season, when probably the senior eight will be mustered.

* * *

THERE is very little talk in international athletic circles just now about the Athenian Olympic games next spring at Athens, says the N.Y. Sun, and the outlook is that if there are to be Americans at the meet they or their clubs will have to bear the expenses. No move has been made by the Olympic committee here to get up a team, and this is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that they had a hard job to collect the money for the trip to England last year and to Greece in 1906. To resume the game of money gathering so soon is not pleasant to think about, and at the best it is but a thankless undertaking. Then again there will be the regular Olympic fixture in 1912 at Stockholm, and no doubt America will have a team there, and its organization and preparation will be plenty of work for those interested for the next three years. A member of the Olympic committee said:

"It is strange that there isn't a word from the Greeks about their games next spring. About a year ago they made a formal announcement of the meet and with practically the same programme as that of 1906, but nothing has been done since about the celebration. I don't know but the plan has been abandoned, or that they may want to leave America out of it, fearing we would win all the prizes, as we did three years ago. Again, maybe the bit of a tiff between England and America has frightened the Greeks, and sooner than have a repetition of the trouble they gave up the idea of the games. While I favor Athens as the real location of the games, I am not in favor of big teams too often. The parent bodies of sport here cannot stand the expense of teams abroad and the moneyed men get tired of being asked too often for subscriptions. Once every four years is often enough to face the task of collecting about $20,000.

"In my opinion the only place for the Olympic meet is Athens, and why the Greeks ever let the fixture get away from them I can't understand. Had the Olympic been made a permanent thing in the stadium every four years nobody could object to travel to it, for there you had the great event of athletics on its original foothold and with the very atmosphere laden with history, sentiment and patriotism. Of course the international Olympic committee had control of the fixture, but if the Greeks after the first revival in 1896 had demanded that every Olympic meet be held there it would have been agreed to. The international committee could rule against them, but were the Greeks to go ahead and give their meet as they did in 1906 the international committee could not keep athletes of the different countries away. The committee had surely no control over the athletes of America or any other country as far as I know. Probably some change may come over the situation on the approach of winter, but at this present moment there is but a blue lookout for a team to Athens or even the games next year."

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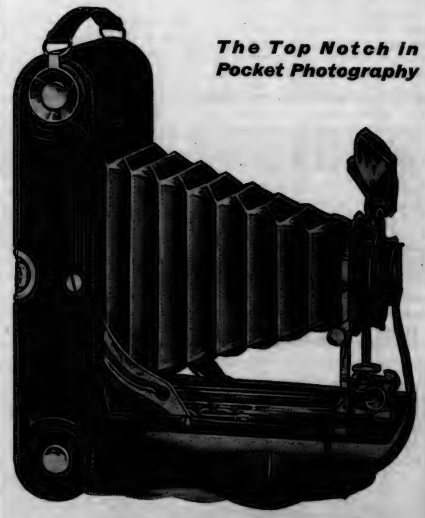

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THE DRAMA

THEATRE-GOERS have now lit on the evil days which come between the fag-end of the theatrical season and the beginning of the summer rush which takes its place. Therefore things dramatic are very dull in town just now. One of the two leading theatres is dark, and the other is in semi-darkness with moving pictures. The pictures are excellent as moving pictures, but this is not the "drawmah." But while plays may come and plays may go, Shea's goes on for ever—or nearly for ever. At any rate Shea's is still doing business and good business, too, at the old familiar stand. And Shea's deserves to do good business, for it always gives a good show. This week the bill is an excellent one, with several very interesting acts, especially the "narrow fellow" and the act on the wire, which is unusually clever and graceful. The Gaiety, too, we still have with us. Besides the press agents are promising a few good things yet, to cheer us on a little while longer. Of these the most important by far is the coming of David Warfield in "The Music Master." This rises to the dignity of an event, and if Toronto is obliged to turn up at the theatre in flannels and fans it will go in spite of the weatherman's direst.

* * *

A VERY interesting review of the theatrical season now drawing to a close is given by critic Metcalfe of Life. He writes that looking backwards, the closing season has been a more than usually interesting one. In a general way its significant features have been the wave-of-indecency hysterical fit which enlisted the attention of press and public for a bad quarter of an hour and the re-establishment of an active opposition to the Theatrical Trust. The former, because it was based on insincerity, was in no way effective, and resulted merely in wider advertising for the "shows" against which it was directed. The latter is more important, because it means a broader business competition in the theatre, and therefore a freer outlet for artistic endeavor by writers and artists.

The epidemic of "The Devil" gave the season an early and spicy start, but it has added nothing of enduring value to the literature of the stage and not much in acting achievement. It was followed by the usual advance guard of light pieces which, like a thin soup at dinner, are only expected to prepare the digestive apparatus for the more substantial things to come. Among the preliminaries were two pieces, "Jack Straw" and "The Mollusc," which served to introduce to American audiences Mr. Maugham, who was the prevailing fashion among dramatic authors in London. These and "Lady Frederick," later show that the Londoner writes pleasing comedies without much depth or great originality. In fact, the foreign dramas haven't figured much this season. Mr. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," and Mr. Bernstein's "Samson," have been the only ones to secure much vogue. The former is so clever in itself that it would have won without the personal popularity of Maude Adams, and the latter was strong enough to gain patronage in spite of the fantastic interpretation of the hero by Mr. Gillette. Echegary's Spanish classic, "El Grau Galeoto," done into English as "The World and His Wife," gained consideration, but not even the treasure-hunters who are always finding something remarkable in foreign actors and plays could convince New York that the Sicilians with their folk-tragedies were much more than grotesque.

Shakespeare and the standards have had unusual attention through Mr. Mantell's more than one hundred performances in repertory and Mr. Sothern's not entirely satisfactory revival of "Richelieu."

Mr. Belasco's productive abilities have been confined to placing Blanche Bates in the interesting but not very impressive "Fighting Hope," and

MLLE. ARLETTE DORGERE,
A Paris-London Favorite.

making possible by excellence of production Mr. Walter's "The Easiest Way." Upon mature consideration it would seem that Mr. Belasco might have chosen more valuable subjects for the artistic, mental and material resources at his command.

Mr. Clyde Fitch has been unusually prolific in pot-boilers, none of which has added greatly to his reputation. The most popular has been his adaptation of a German farce under the title of "The Blue Mouse," but its drawing qualities rest very much on something other than Mr. Fitch's expertness as a dramatist.

Great sorrow will not be caused by the conclusion that this season musical comedy has not flourished as of yore. There has been no dearth of it, to be sure, but there are signs that it has begun to pall even on the bald-headed gentlemen and callow youths who were its devotees. The chorus girls, show ladies, pony ballets and hard-working comedians have, in spite of strenuous work by expert press-agents, ceased to monopolize the Sunday supplements and fill the public eye with their professional and private doings. When musical comedy is stored away on the top shelf with the old "March of the Amazons," "The Black Crook," "The White Faun" and similar efforts, there may be opportunity for genuine comic opera with brains in the book, real music in the score and the principals not subordinated to costumes, chorus and vaudeville comedians.

The American playwright has found this the best season he has ever known in the history of the American theatre. Messrs. Tarkington and Wilson's amusing "The Man from Home," written to exploit the personality of Mr. W. C. Hodge, came here from Chicago last summer and is with us still. It is funny and successfully waves the American flag in the face of European inferiority, two qualities in a play which make for success.

The native dramatist is naturally at his best when dealing with topics familiar and present in the American mind, a fact he has finally recognized to his profit. Plays like "The Battle," "The Gentleman from Mississippi," "The Third Degree" and "The Great John Ganton," and the success which has attended them supply fair evidence of the route our playwriters should take to compete successfully with the foreigners, who for so long almost monopolized our stage. The instant success of two beginners, Mr. Sheldon with "Salvation Nell," and Mr. Buchanan with "A Woman's Way," emphasize the fact. The failure of Mr. Mackaye's "Mater" to win immediate popular favor does not negative the statement. The literary and poetic quality of that play was ahead of the time, but it was an effort in the right direction. The value of Americanism to American authors is still further borne out by the approval given to "Mary Jane's Pa," "Going Some," "Sham," and to that particularly dainty little comedy, "The Climax."

On the whole, the ending season marks improvement in the theatrical situation. The weakest spot is in the art of acting itself, because under lately existing conditions there is little opportunity and little encouragement for its serious study. Stage traditions and professional standards have had many serious blows under the commercial control which has dictated in matters where it had no business to intrude. The renewal of competition, the possibility that the New Theatre may help establish a standard and the growing interest of our colleges in serious dramatic work may help to re-establish this drooping art. Our dramatists as shown above are coming to the front with popular successes. Literary and artistic finish will come later. The end of every season finds America with more and better theatres. And, doubtful as it seems at times, there are evidences of improvement in the taste of the mass of American theatre-goers.

* * *

MOST of us are inclined to growl at our luck now and then, but if there is one man who more than another stands in urgent need of a genuine talisman that would guarantee his good fortune it is the theatrical manager. For more than three hundred years managers have been trying to find a rule that would enable them to forecast the verdict of the public on a play, and they seem to be no nearer to the discovery now than when they first sought for it. Of ten plays produced in London in April five have already passed into the limbo of the unprofitable. One had a brief life of seven performances, another attained to forty in a worn-out condition. Recently out of twenty theatres competing for public favor only three were drawing full audiences to all performances. The lucky three were His Majesty's, where the revival of "The School for Scandal" is showing modern authors that there is still plenty of life in comedy at its best; the Shaftesbury, where the charming "Arcadians" have won the triumph they deserve; and the Gaiety, where "Our Miss Gibbs" proves as fascinating as ever. The perennial prosperity of the Gaiety seems to suggest that the rule of success for which managers seek is not a rule of thumb but of the whole figure in its most comely shape.

* * *

SOMEWHAT of a departure has been introduced in this year's production by Lew Dockstader and his minstrel company in that a story runs through the entire show. The first part shows the Club House and terraced grounds of the Possum Hunt Club, a colored organization, the members of which are found discussing the failure of the white man to discover the North Pole. It is decided that the colored brethren shall make an effort in the exploring line, and Dockstader, as the President of the Club, looms up as an Arctic explorer and starts out in an airship for the Pole. Of course this is but an interlude to the first part songs and witticisms, but the idea is carried throughout the evening and in the finale shows the Minstrel King a la President Roosevelt in the Arctic regions, where he has the North Pole under his arm and a great Polar Bear in meek submissiveness at his feet. The company contains Neil O'Brien, who for several years past has been identified with this organization. This year O'Brien has a new vehicle for his eccentric darkey characterization, which he calls "The House of Rest." Another shining light in the comedy circle will be found in Al Jolson, a comedian whom Dockstader introduces to the East for the first time this year and whom, it is said, has made a distinct hit in minstrelsy. He is styled "the modern Billy Emerson." Others in the lime light of the first part are: Eddie Mazier, Pete Detzel, and Tommy Hyde. Dockstader's individual specialty this year shows him in a Taft make-up, with a submarine boat at the bottom of the ocean. The singing section of this year's company includes: Will Oakland, W. H. Thompson, Herbert Willison, Geo. M. Vail, Master Pierce Keegan and a choir of twenty excellent voices. The company will be seen at the Princess for a half-week engagement opening June 21st.

* * *

NEXT week at Shea's Theatre Alice Lloyd, the dainty comedienne and songstress, will give a return engagement. Miss Lloyd is under contract to star in a big production shortly, so this will be her final appearance in vaudeville for a number of years. To make the occasion a memorable one there will be souvenir matinees on Tuesday and Friday afternoons. Miss Lloyd will present every lady attending with an autographed photo. The two McNaughtons, England's eccentriques, are also playing a return visit. The Asahi Japanese Troupe have an act new to this city. Other acts included in the bill are Harry Atkinson, Hess Sisters, Eldora & Company, Armstrong and Verne, and the Kinetograph. FIRST NIGHTER.

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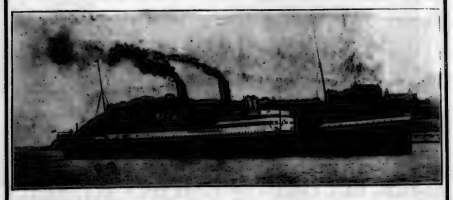

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MUSIC

A CHAIR of music for the University of Toronto is the important step in the musical development of Canada which is being discussed at present. The University authorities have appointed a committee to enquire into the project, which, if carried out, should surely give increased strength and status to our educational stronghold. This will be more especially true if a live man is appointed to the professorship, and not merely one whose academic training has been beyond reproach. Confidence is felt that the University authorities will realize the force of this point, and that their selection will be made with a view to the developing of a real musical force and activity at our provincial seat of learning.

Music, as a subject of study, has a twofold value; it affords opportunity for mental discipline and for culture. If we consider the value of music as a means of mental training, many points might be mentioned. For instance, there is the development of the sense of pitch, which undoubtedly improves with training; and the keener the senses the keener the mind, which works by means of them. Then, again, the feeling for rhythm, accent and phrasing is just as necessary in the rendering of music as in the reading of literature, and requires the same mental processes. Further, to learn to read music is excellent mental exercise. If it is difficult for comparative beginners in music to read one voice or part, one may imagine the mental effort or development required to read comprehensively a complete orchestral score. Lastly, it may be pointed out that the study of harmony, counterpoint, musical form, canon and fugue, orchestration and acoustics affords as valuable a means of mental discipline as the study of literature and other branches of the higher arts.

In the second place, the value of music as a means of culture is exceedingly great. The development of an appreciation of the beautiful and the consequent refinement of feeling which results are too well known to require explanation here. It might be added that chorus singing, in which Torontonians excel, is a valuable means of promoting sympathy with others; while singing of any kind improves the speaking voice, and has a good effect on one's health and spirits.

The foregoing, while a most superficial and hasty examination into the educational value of music, should serve to give some general idea of the value of a chair of music at our University. The development of a school of Canadian composition through its means is something which might be dealt with more fully at some other time.

The question arises as to why music is not more generally studied. It has its place in our public schools, but why is it so neglected in the collegiate institutes and private high schools? The answer is, because it is regarded as a luxury, and its educational value is not recognized. It is not on the curriculum of regular work, and boys especially, but girls also, are unwilling to take time for it out of their recreation hours. Football, cricket, basket ball and lawn tennis, while excellent in themselves, should not be allowed to monopolize the entire time not spent in school studies. The higher standard of musical appreciation in the German people as a whole, is due to the recognition of the educational value of music, as well as to the richness of opportunity for culture through concert and opera performance.

But Canada is developing with wonderful rapidity musically; and, even now, a certain amount of ability to appreciate good music, if not to perform it, is required in what is known as "good" society. The time is undoubtedly coming when gross ignorance of this, the purest and most beautiful of all arts, will no longer be excused in any one who lays claim to education and culture.

* * *

Dr. Charles A. E. Harriss's Empire Day concert came off on schedule time with great *eclat*, on May 24, in old London, don't y'know. It was impressively announced that 60 Union Jacks, loaned by the Canadian Government, would fly from the building upon the occasion of the concert. Well, we are glad to be able to report that the flags flied, or rather, flewed. This conveys a complete assurance of the musically artistic success of the event.

It is gratifying to note that Dr. Harriss's triumphant accomplishment of this momentous undertaking was followed by a feeling of renewed buoyancy and confidence throughout the Empire. The British exchange exhibited increased activity. Stocks became quite bullish. Baled hay was much easier, and pork became decidedly strong. Politically, the Balkan states continued to balk, but the German bugaboo was regarded much more optimistically. Andrew Carnegie endowed 17 libraries with his left hand, and Corbett immediately challenged Johnson for the heavyweight championship.

It might be naturally expected that Dr. Harriss, flushed with such a triumph, would take a well-earned vacation for a week or ten days, but no! Onward! onward! where duty leads. The duty which arose was that of representing Canada at the Haydn Festival and International Congress held in Vienna, that old burg so

GRIEG.

famous for its sausages and pianists. No sooner seen than done. Dr. C. A. E., etc., with all the intrepidity of a north pole explorer, at once dashed to the scene of action, and represented Canada with a remarkably life-like fidelity, to the complete satisfaction of all, and in a manner, in fact, which was alone well worth the entire price of admission to the main show in the big tent.

This is a service for which Canadians cannot be too grateful. We did not know we were to be represented, but the opportunity happily arose. Quick action was demanded; and Dr. Harriss, securely confident of his place in the hearts of the Canadian people, modestly accepted the appointment, whisked himself away to Vienna, and represented Canada with terrific vigor, and all the enthusiasm of a schoolboy with a new toy.

Some of the British papers, with the true reticence of the British nature, have variously styled Dr. Harriss "the leading musician of Canada; the musical savior of Canada," etc., but these moderate phrases fail utterly to express the real feeling of Canadians towards Sir Charles, or—excuse me—Dr. Charles.

After reaching the pinnacle of success with his Empire Day concert this year, one can scarcely see, considering the 60-flags episode, just how Dr. Harriss may venture to repeat the undertaking next year without incurring the danger of an anti-climax. But one suggestion comes to mind, and is herewith proffered. Why not give the concert in air-ships, with streamers of flags reaching to the ground below. Talk about 60 flags; why, you could work in 60,000 in this way!

* * *

Miss Almae Butler, one of Mr. E. W. Schuch's most talented pupils, has just returned from a successful trip through the Southern States with Miss Marietta LaDell, and Mr. George Fox, during which her singing won most flattering encomiums, for both beauty of voice and artistic and sympathetic rendering. Miss Butler is now considering an offer of an eight months' tour to the Pacific Coast.

* * *

The piano pupils of Mrs. J. H. Farmer will give an attractive series of recitals on Saturday evenings during the month of June at 750 Bathurst street.

* * *

Word comes from Los Angeles of the success of Mrs. Le Grand Reed in concert work there. Canadians will be proud to think that one of themselves is brilliantly distinguishing herself in this far away city.

* * *

The first annual meeting of the Alumni Association of the Toronto Conservatory of Music was held in the Conservatory on Tuesday evening of this week, and was attended by a large number of former pupils, graduates and teachers. The earlier part of the evening was devoted to a business meeting, at which Dr. Edward Fisher felicitously presided, after which refreshments were served, and an enjoyable social hour of reunion was spent. The officers, announced in last week's issue, who were provisionally elected a few weeks ago, were returned for the coming year.

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GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANO GREATLY DELIGHTS ENGLISH CONNOISSEURS.

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As some of the readers of these columns are already aware, one of the most notable exhibits at the Franco-British Exposition, held at Shepherd's Bush, London, Eng., last summer, was that of the Gerhard Heintzman Piano Company, of Toronto, Canada. As is always the case with this firm, its exhibits found a ready sale on the conclusion of the affair. Among those who purchased an instrument was Mr. Percy A. Wynn, of Merton road, Wimbledon, a well-known commission agent, and himself a connoisseur of the instrument. It was with great pleasure that the Gerhard Heintzman Company the other day received a letter from Mr. Wynn, testifying to the delight that he had found in the instrument. In the course of his letter he says: "I had a few musical friends down for the week-end, people who know the difference between a piano and a 'piano.' We had a number or two on one of my other instruments, which is a good piano of its sort, and then one of them went into the drawing-room, found the Gerhard Heintzman I purchased last summer, and began to play. We were in the dining-room having a game of cards, but when my friends heard the piano they dropped their cards, and no persuasion of mine could get them away until long past bedtime. . . . Should you at any time wish anyone in England to see your instruments, and the class of work you turn out, you can send him to me. I should consider it a pleasure to show him the instrument."

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"Here's a little pointer for you," said the bride of last June to the bride of this next June (according to The Cleveland Plain Dealer). "I'll tell you my own experience and you can judge for yourself what to do. When we returned from our wedding trip and I began to rummage through George's belongings I found six or seven pairs of gloves and at least nine pairs of silk hose—things that he had never had on. They had been tucked away in all sorts of places. Most of them I at once recognized as presents I had given to him from time to time. Besides them I found a lot of handkerchiefs still unused, handkerchiefs that I had embroidered his initial on with my own hands.

"What do you suppose I did? Foolishly I gathered them all together and spread them out on the bed where he would see them when he came home and feel ashamed of himself for never using my presents. Just think what a lack of forethought I showed. Consider what a saving of pin money it would have been if I had put the things away and then doled them out to him for Christmas presents or birthday presents one by one. It would have served him exactly right, too."

A student at a medical college was under examination. The instructor asked him: "Of what cause, specifically, did the people die who lost their lives at the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii?" "I think they died of an eruption, sir," answered the student.—The Wasp.

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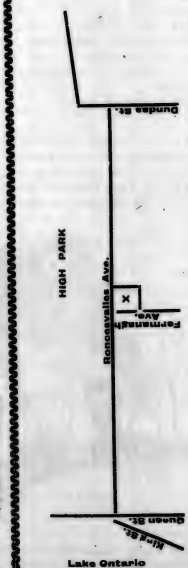

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"SOME men preach," said Sydney Smith, "as if they thought sin is to be taken out of a man as Eve was taken out of Adam, by casting him into a profound slumber."

So at any rate thought not Smith, who, preaching one day at Whitehall, observed King Charles the Second and several of his attendants asleep. Stooping down, he cried out to one of the dilinquents:

"My lord, I am sorry to interrupt you, but if you snore so loud you will wake the king."

His majesty thereupon awoke, and turning to his neighbor, remarked with his accustomed good nature:

"This man must be made a bishop; remind me on the next vacancy."

* * *

A LADY employing a colored man asked him his name.

"Mah name is Poe, ma'am."

"Poe? Perhaps some of your family worked for Edgar Allan Poe."

The darkey's eyes opened wide with great surprise.

"Why—" he gasped, pointing a dusky forefinger to himself, "why Ah *am* Edgar Allan Poe!"

* * *

SOME PEOPLE ARE LUCKY.

"I was so hungry once I had to eat coke. Ever eat coke?"

"No."

"I dunno as yer missed much."

—The Tatler.

* * *

A COLORED woman of generous proportions was on the witness stand in the Superior Court before Judge Weir at Indianapolis recently, and she made such a good witness for the plaintiff that the attorney for the defence planned to throw "cold water" on what she said by finding fault with her character.

"Let me see, you have been arrested, haven't you?" the attorney asked in cross-examination.

"Now, look a-heah," said the witness, getting angry, "do you think I'm going to tell you all my private business? I guess not."

"I have the right to know, and you must tell me," the lawyer persisted, and Judge Weir instructed the witness that she would have to answer.

"I's 'rested for lickin' my husban'," she said, her eyes flashing.

"That so?" said the attorney with great satisfaction. "What is your husband's name?" She told him. "What is his business?"

"He's a prizefightah," she said, and the cross-examination abruptly ended amid general merriment.

* * *

LADY Arthur Paget, at a dinner in New York, said of the "appalling American divorce habit":

"Deceit, petty deceit, grave deceit—that is another frequent cause of divorce.

"Too many husbands are like the one who said, as his servant helped him on with his overcoat:

"'James, if my wife asks you where I am, tell her I've gone to the opera.'

"The man bowed.

"'Yes, sir; very good, sir.' And he added imperturbably, 'And where are you really going, sir, in case any of your friends should call or ring you up?'"

* * *

LITTLE Helen, rummaging among the book-shelves, found a volume which charmed her by its title and, scarcely noticed by mamma, spent the whole afternoon apparently absorbed in reading.

"Well," she said at last, as she returned the volume to its place, "I have read every line in the book from the first to the last and I haven't found anything in it about 'A Doll's House.'"

MR. Hammond's face was so ugly as to be almost grotesque, although nobody ever thought about his looks after hearing him talk. "If I hadn't known I was one of the homeliest people in the world, I might have been surprised at a remark made by old Pomp, the body servant of one of my Southern friends," he once said.

"I hadn't seen Pomp for fifteen years, and as I had grown from a boy to a man in that time, I did not expect him to remember me, but he said, 'Howdy, Marse Hammond, sah!' the moment he caught sight of me.

"'So you remember me, Pomp,' I said.

"'Couldn't nebber forgit yo' face, Marse Hammond, sah,' grinned Pomp. 'Hit's so kinder complicated!'"

* * *

THE young man in the barber's chair had been annoyed by suggestions of the white coated artist, although he had said clearly enough when he sat down that he wanted only a haircut and a shampoo. Singeing, facial massage and hair tonics had been offered vainly.

Finally the barber perpetrated what is with barbers the crowning insult. Passing his hand over the young man's face he said contemptuously:

"Shave yourself, don't you?"

"Sure," said the young man. "Don't you?"

There was silence.

* * *

A TAILOR, who was defendant in a case tried in court, seemed much cast down when brought up for trial. "What's the trouble?" whispered his counsel, observing his client's distress as he surveyed the jurymen.

"It looks pretty bad for me," said the defendant, "unless some steps are taken to dismiss that jury and get in a new lot. There ain't a man amongst 'em but what owes me money for clothes."

* * *

WHILE ex-President Roosevelt was on his famous Louisiana bear-hunting trip he passed by an old colored man's cabin and saw two fine hounds in the yard. Mr. Roosevelt made several offers for the hounds, each larger than the last; but the old man shook his head. Finally the President said:

"If you knew who I am you would sell me those dogs."

"Sell you dem houn' dawgs if I knowed who you is!" exclaimed the man. "Who is you, anyhow?"

"I am President Roosevelt," was the reply, uttered in an impressive tone.

The old man looked at him a moment, and then said:

"See heah, I wouldn't care if you was Bookah T. Washington—you couldn't get dem dawgs!"

* * *

TO be at the same time rude and polite is an achievement of great difficulty. A writer in an exchange tells of a French gentleman who had finished his holiday in England and had just paid a very large hotel bill. He was indignant, but his native courtesy was unimpaired.

"Send ze proprietaire to me," he said to the waiter, and presently the host entered.

Monsieur was all smiles.

"Ah, let me embrace you!" he cried.

"But why do you want to embrace me, sir? I don't understand."

"Ah, saire, but look at zee beel!"

"Your bill! Yes, but what of it?"

"Vot of it? Vy, it means zat I s'all nevaire, nevaire see you again, saire."

MR. HERBERT SPENCER one time put very neatly the distinction between sport as an amusement and as an occupation.

Dropping in at his club, he met a young friend, who invited him to play a game of billiards. The philosopher led off and left the balls in a good position for his opponent, who dexterously ran out, not allowing his companion another shot. Then the young expert naturally looked at the philosopher for the customary compliment, but the loser of the game said, very seriously, after depositing his cue in the rack:

"Sir, a certain proficiency in such a sport as this is a sign of a good education of the eye, the nerve, the hand; but the mastership of billiards which you have exhibited could have been acquired only by an ill-spent youth."

* * *

ONCE, during the argument in a lawsuit, in which Lincoln represented one party, the lawyer on the other side was a good deal of a glib talker, but not reckoned as deeply profound or much of a thinker. He would say anything to a jury which happened to enter his head. Lincoln, in his address to the jury, referring to this, said:

"My friend on the other side is all right, or would be all right, were it not for the peculiarity I am about to chronicle. His habit— of which you have witnessed a very painful specimen in his argument to you in this case—of reckless assertion and statements without grounds, need not be imputed to him as a moral fault or as telling of a moral blemish. He can't help it. For reasons which, gentlemen of the jury, you and I have not time to study here, as deplorable as they are surprising, the oratory of the gentleman completely suspends all action of his mind. The moment he begins to talk, his mental operations cease. I never knew of but one thing which compared with my friend in this particular. That was a small steamboat. Back in the days when I performed my part as a keel boatman, I made the acquaintance of a trifling little steamboat which used to bustle and puff and wheeze about in the Sangamon River. It had a five-foot boiler and a seven-foot whistle, and every time it whistled it stopped."

* * *

WHEN Jerome B. Fisher was county judge of Chautauqua County, New York, a damage suit came before him. The plaintiff sued for a large sum because he was injured by a street car. He was, apparently, in good health, but it was shown he had been injured, and two of the items of proof presented were a spot about the size of a man's hand on his back and a lump the size of a walnut on his shoulder. The plaintiff's lawyer said a great deal about these evidences of the terrible injuries his client had received. At Summing-up time the lawyer for the street-car company arose.

"If the court please and gentlemen of the jury," he said, "we have heard a lot of talk here about this spot on this plaintiff's back and the lump the size of a walnut on his shoulder. Do not be deceived, gentlemen of the jury, by the specious conversation of my friend, the opposing counsel, in this regard. That spot on this man's back is no more nor less than a birthmark, and as for that lump the size of a walnut on the plaintiff's shoulders, that, gentlemen of the jury, is his head."

The Archæologist—"My dear madam, you have no idea of the labor and anxiety attendant upon the proper handling of these archaic remains—er—ahem—of which I have been telling you."—Harper's Weekly.

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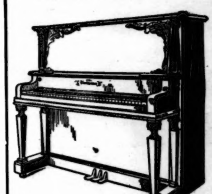

and you might just as well have the best; for a Nordheimer Piano can be rented for the same amount that is charged for many inferior makes.

Furthermore, if you decide later to purchase a piano, the first six months' rent will be allowed to apply as part payment on the same.

We Offer for Rental

UPRIGHT PIANOS
$2.50, $3.00 & $4.00
PER MONTH

SQUARE PIANOS
$1.00, $2.00 & $2.50
PER MONTH

OUR EXCHANGE DEPT.

Offers exceptional opportunities to secure first-class used pianos at remarkably low prices.

A visit to our warerooms will prove a revelation in piano values — both in rented and exchanged instruments.

THE NORDHEIMER
PIANO AND MUSIC CO., LIMITED
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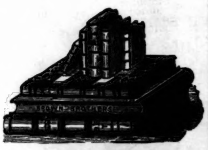

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Full stock every description. Special patterns made to order.

LOOSE LEAF BOOKS a specialty. POCKET & MEMO BOOKS.

BROWN BROS., Limited
STATIONERS, BLANK BOOK MAKERS
51-53 Wellington St. West, TORONTO.

LABATT'S ALE

Is not artificially charged with gas (carbonated) as are some ales, but is allowed to mature in the natural way. Not pasteurized, it retains the delicate flavor and aroma of the hops and malt. Taken before meals, it stimulates the appetite and prevents constipation.

PURE
WHOLESOME
PALATABLE
BEVERAGE

Lady Gay's Column

THE season of late spring brings boat traffic and the desire to move away from one's winter microbes. The advertisers of bargains in adjacent cities take notice, and insert tempting invitations to the fair and frail (in patriotic duty) to jaunt off across the lines and spend their money. Then the law of the lands pokes its unwelcome nose into the movement and develops that almost always latent love of beating the authorities which shows itself in normal conditions as a tendency to ride free on the street cars, unless the conductor demands your ticket in no uncertain tones. Women are born smugglers, men are not born but made, and even in the most trivial case, show a tendency to baulk and confess and pay to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. Not so the woman smuggler. The bigger the load she longs to import duty free, the greater her enthusiasm and resource. I once drove out with a lady in an ultra smart trap, and when admiring the perfect style of the harness, was informed that the lady had smuggled the entire set bit by bit, strap by strap, across the river which separated her city from the Stars and Stripes under which the handsome harness was made. I have ever considered her the champion smuggler of my acquaintance.

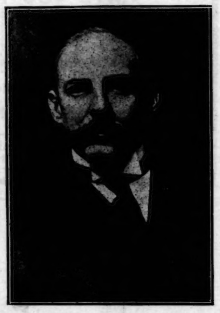
It's no use making smuggling a question of ethics with the average woman. She won't discuss it thus. The government which forbids her to spend her money when and where she pleases, and bring the spoils home to glorify her personal appearance, is to her a foolish and tyrannical institution, and she's going to get the better of it whenever opportunity offers. This attitude is immovable, and seems to perfectly satisfy her notion of protecting her self-respect. It's a distinct advance down-hill on the ride-free station, because no one gets on a car ticketless, determined to beat her way, she is prepared to pay if the conductor demands a fare, but if not, it's no business of hers to pursue him and insist upon not defrauding the company. The woman smuggler, *au contaire*, schemes, plans, manœuvres, with a subtlety and cleverness natural to most women, and a love of taking a chance inherent in the true sport, to pass the eagle eyes of the *bete noir*, a male or female customs detective, and she generally succeeds, unless she gives herself away by boasting of her prowess before or after its testing. A number of cases of detection lately have come about through the loquacity of the fair delinquents and the treachery of their confidantes. No less than two score women took the choice of paying their dues tardily in a western Ontario town the other day, after the police and customs had proffered the alternative of prosecution. A party of our own shoppers had the gates lowered on them the other day and unwillingly paid duty on their parcels. I heard of one who carelessly wrapped an expensive bit of finery in a brown paper and carrying it in her hand remarked to the custom house officer: "One-seventy-five." He was a sharp young man, and answered: "That's about what the duty comes to!" much to her surprise and disgust. She, of course, had to pay her own bluff.

A tale which has become a classic in customs lore actually happened in a border town to a parson's wife. This good soul very much desired a certain beautiful little clock she had seen while meandering through the city across the river. She priced it, and did her best to get a better bargain out of the salesman, who, however, stuck to his price. The parson's wife was a very conscientious lady, but she did want that sweet little clock. Finally, she crossed the ferry bent on forgetting her duty and her country's laws and securing it. The salesman knew all about it, and when a very strong cord was demanded, and the clock was to be called for at twelve o'clock precisely, the devil entered into that man, and he wound up the alarm as tight as it would go for a quarter past twelve. As the parson's wife stepped majestically on the Canadian shore, greeted with respectful bows and smiles by the customs officer and one or two of the parishioners, the clock, moored somewhere in the sacred recesses of what was then known as a "dress improver," went off in a wild whirr which startled everyone on the wharf. Tableau!

But all these fair and fatuous breakers of the customs rules may be excused and smiled at. Their misfortunes add to the gaiety of nations, and we pity, laugh and forgive. Of quite another sort is that enterprising dame who arrived in New York with a trunk fitted with the latest thing in false bottoms. One feels absolutely glad her discomfiture was so public and complete when her fraud was discovered by the wily searchers. Of course she was really only doing exactly as did the parson's wife and the western dames and the Toronto girl, but there are degrees of dishonesty. No one would mind being caught stealing harvest apples off a tree, but no one could stand exposure if caught stealing the same fruit from a man's cellar at midnight. Stealing from a government, a corporation or an individual is only classed exactly the same by persons of such absolute rectitude that one scarcely believes they exist.

"There's Tom-cats and Tabby-cats and Kitten-cats," said Mary Jane categorically to her little playmate yesterday, as they washed up their doll's dishes after five o'clock tea. "My ma says Miss Sneerly is a cat," mildly added Elizabeth supplementing the catalogue. "She's an *old* cat—my ma says so too," cheerfully agreed Mary Jones. "*Old* cats have only two foots, you know!"

LADY GAY.



THE LATE MARION CRAWFORD, Who wrote many novels, good, bad and indifferent.

The Master Stroke.

CHEERED for his agile feat and nimble stunt
The bronzed ball player swells with honest pride;
The long and accurate throw, the wily bunt,
The daring steal, the perilous head-long slide.

Each in the homage of the gladsome eye
Close to the public heart an hour has sat;
Plucked from the blinding sun the incredible fly,
Or fiery liner smoking from the bat.

Full oft the timely and prodigious whack
The multitude has jubilantly thrilled—
The great, aerial, fence disdaining crack
And home run wallop when the bags were filled.

Lo, where the catcher like a granite rock,
Kinsman to courage and unknown to fear,
With dauntless front repels the iron shock
And awful volleys of the cannoneer.

And unforgot the pitcher's mighty hour,
Whose fusillade immortalized his name,
Held the dread sluggers helpless in his power,
And broke their proud hearts with a hitless game.

With feats like these our plaudits they evoke,
On the green diamond in a game of ball;
These, and the incomparable master stroke
And flash of genius that outshines them all;

Such as of old had made Olympus ring,
And vitalized the beauteous Phidian clay,
And given to Homer's harp another string,
The glorious unassisted triple play!

—John Ludlow, in The New York Sun.

Tenderfoot (watching a funeral procession)—Do you always have four horses to the hearse? Alkali Ike—Not always. The passenger in there came out to this country bragging that he was the champion lightweight of the world, and one night when he got too pert, One-Eyed Bill pumped him so full of lead that it took the extra team of horses to pull the hearse.—Saturday Sunset

Matrimony and Trained Nurses.

THERE have been a number of instances lately of prominent men who have married their trained nurses, circumstances having favored a preliminary courtship which has led right up to the altar.

A widower may call a trained nurse in to take care of his children, a bachelor may be nursed back to life by one of these indispensable adjuncts to modern civilization.

Our literature has taken account of this, and in at least two books published within the past year the trained nurse has taken a prominent part.

It is oftentimes cheaper to marry a trained nurse permanently than to pay her salary. These delightful people—when they *are* delightful—are likely to be wasteful when drawing a salary. They make large washings, disturb the servants, use up a lot of expensive food and cannot be expected to take the same economical interest in a household that they would if the principal they succeed in saving may in time advert to themselves. Therefore, it is often better to marry them at once and to get the thing off one's mind.

The fact that the trained nurse is becoming so prominent in matrimony does not argue well for the average girl, brought up in a boarding school, and who has learned all of the accomplishments, but none of the necessary attributes. It shows that in the economy of life, men are likely, other things being equal, to move along the lines of least resistance and choose the most desirable partners. If trained nurses were proverbially homely creatures, there would doubtless be no show for them, even under these favorable practical auspices.

But trained nurses are not homely. Their garb also favors them. An average woman, so far as looks go, seems to be transformed into a sort of every day angel the moment she puts on the dress of a trained nurse. She becomes immediately invested with that sweet, tender, womanly temperament that suffuses a gentle glow over every man's heart, and awakens that latent sentiment which is quite indifferent to the bridge playing, smart, millinery aspect of so many of our modern women. The trained nurse also has another advantage by no means to be despised. She always looks clean. Many well dressed women convey an indefinable impression of having been thrown together, and this in spite of the fact that they may carry upon their heads any number of pounds of carefully selected hair, and may have been fussed over for hours by a dressmaker. Their vanity, or possibly a certain looseness of moral structure, is often revealed in this way to the masculine eye.

Is the deflection to the trained nurse by so many of our leading citizens in reality in the nature of a revolt against those conditions which produce the smart, sophisticated, over-athletic bridge playing girl?

Certainly the experience which a trained nurse gets is infinitely more valuable to a household than that of the average "finished" woman, and the fact that this very training does not seem to take from, but rather add to, her sentimentality, is a potent argument in her favor.—Thomas L. Masson, in Life.

THE NEW BABY.

Youngpop's new baby most certainly grew hungry about two o'clock every morning, and as the child was anything but weak so far as his lungs were concerned he announced his woes in no uncertain manner. Poor Youngpop, when he heard the first yell from the baby's throat, always sighed, got out from under the nice warm clothes, hurried over to the alcohol stove, stubbed his toes once or twice, swore, woke Mrs. Youngpop, spilled the milk, and all the while the baby yelled.

But now there's peace in the Youngpop home. When poor baby awakens hungry, papa simply turns the electric switch in the socket to which is attached an electric baby milk-warmer. These electric milk-warmers are on exhibition at the display-rooms of the local electric company at 12 Adelaide St. E. Use Toronto Electric Service.

SANDY and his lass had been sitting together about half an hour in silence.

"Maggie," he said, at length, "wasna I here on the Sawbath nicht?"

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

"An' wasna I here on Monday nicht?"

"Aye, so ye were."

"An' I was here on Tuesday nicht, an' Wednesday nicht, an' Thursday nicht, an' Friday nicht?"

"Aye, I'm thinkin' that's so."

"An' this is Saturday nicht, an' I'm here again?"

"Well, what for no? I'm sure ye're very welcome."

Sandy (desperately): "Maggie woman! D'e no begin to smell a rat!"

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited.
56 Years' Growth in Merchandising

A JUNE SALE OF SUMMER WASH FABRICS

After one of the biggest month's selling of light summer materials we find we still have a very big stock, well assorted, of High-Class Wash Goods that we must clear out quickly. We commenced this sale June 1st, and will continue it during the month, but anyone desiring high-grade materials at big reductions should attend this sale at once. We particularly emphasize:

500 yards of lovely Crepons, Printed Shantungs, French Printed Voiles, Organdies, Colored Swiss Embroidered Muslins and Striped Linens. Priced regularly from 65c to 85c a yard. Our June Sale price, 49c.

2,000 yards of Irish Dimities, Printed Lawn and Batistes and Scotch Ginghams, all in the very newest designs. Regular 25c a yard. Special price, 19c.

2,000 yards of 42-inch White English Nainsook, a soft fine finish, and 36-inch White Victoria Lawn, in a fine even weave. Our special June price, per yard, 10c.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

NEW FAST TRAIN TO Guelph Galt Woodstock London Chatham Windsor Detroit and Chicago

STARTS MONDAY, JUNE 7th, '09

Lv. TORONTO....4.00 p.m. (Eastern Time)
Ar. DETROIT ....9.55 p.m. (Central Time)
Ar. CHICAGO ....7.15 a.m. (Central Time)

CONSIST
TRAIN CARRIES SMOKING CAR, FIRST-CLASS COACHES, CAFE CAR, SLEEPING CAR THROUGH TORONTO TO CHICAGO.

CONNECTIONS
AT Detroit { with all trains north, west, south and southwest, Toledo, Cincinnati, etc.
AT Chicago { with morning trains for all points, northwest, west, south and southwest, St. Paul, Denver, St. Louis, etc.

FULL PARTICULARS FROM ANY CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. AGENT OR WRITE R. L. THOMPSON, D.P.A., Toronto.

You Will Appreciate
THE SAVING MADE

By having us clean, press or dye your soiled, wrinkled or faded clothing.

Send for Our New Booklet which tells in detail about our work.

"MY VALET"
FOUNTAIN, THE CLEANER
30 Adelaide St. W. - - Toronto
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RUINART CHAMPAGNE

This famous wine is becoming recognized in Canada as superior to all others.

The word "Ruinart" on a bottle is the surest possible guarantee of champagne quality.

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

SEATTLE: June 1 to October 16, 1909

A splendid opportunity to combine education with pleasure. Make the trip one of maximum enjoyment and profit by taking the luxurious through trains of the

Northern Pacific Railway
The Scenic Highway thro' the Land of Fortune

Visiting YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK en route, via GARDINER GATEWAY—the official entrance—reached only by this line.

Annual Rose Festival, Portland: June 7 to 12. National Irrigation Congress, Spokane: August 9 to 14. Rainier National Park and Paradise Valley, from Tacoma: by Auto or Rail: June 1 to October 1. provide additional attractions well worthy a visit.

SUMMER TOURIST FARES to the North Pacific Coast, May 20 to September 30. $50 from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior, Kansas City and Omaha; $62 from Chicago; $97.50 from St. Louis. Round trip; with return limit of October 31. Liberal stop-overs. Proportionate fares from the East generally.

Through service, standard drawing-room and tourist sleeping cars between Chicago and North Pacific Coast every day. Dining car meals all the way.

Use coupon or write for full particulars

WM. G. MASON, Dist. Passenger Agent, 215 Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N.Y.

NORTHERN PACIFIC

Exposition-Yellowstone Trip

Name

S8-1-09

Summer in the "Northland"

And such a wilderness—Just at the terminus of civilization, where every modern convenience is offered you—A district rich in the lore and the legend of the Redman, and its Rivers and Lakes bear the soft sounding names of the Algonquin tongue. This is

TEMISKAMING LAKE

with its beautiful scenery bordering on the picturesque wilds of Canada—everywhere a picture to delight the eye, with its background of the famous verdure-clad Laurentian Hills.

THE BELLEVUE HOTEL

Like a New York City Hotel—beautifully situated in Nature's garden—Gasoline Launches, Boating, Lawn Tennis, Bowling on the Green and Alleys, Billiards, Ball-room in separate Recreation Hall, ensuring quietness in hotel proper. Ice cold Laurentian water piped from springs in the hills. Hot and cold Baths on all floors, Sanitary Conveniences, Electric Lighting. Modern in every way—An Ideal Vacation Home near the Wilds of the North.

Pleased to send information and beautiful booklet.

Write "THE MANAGER, TEMISKAMING, P.Q."

Open for Season 1909—June 25th.

Boats leave the Hotel Dock daily for the famous Cobalt Silver Belt, calling at Haileybury, Liskeard and intervening points. 1595

HOTEL UNEEDA REST.

Come and enjoy a delightful vacation at this pleasant lakeside home. Safe, sandy bathing beach, dancing, billiards, etc. $8 to $10 per week. Sparrow Lake is the only resort operating its own fish hatchery; 2,500,000 young fish have been put in the lake this season. J. W. Clipsham, Prop., Sparrow Lake, Muskoka.

LAKE JOSEPH, MUSKOKA.

To Let—Cottages, fully furnished, seven rooms, six rooms, and twelve rooms and kitchens. Wood and ice with each. Steamboat wharf, sandy beach. John E. Wilson, Glenliffer Braes, Redwood P.O.

CECEBE LAKE

Send for Booklet describing this nature lover's paradise. An ideal place to camp or build cottage. Wm. Cowan, Cecebe, Ontario.

An "Ideal" Outing

Rest, Recreation and Study

A limited party is now forming for July in the Adirondacks, at Mountain View Lake and Hotel, under Prof. J. P. Stephen, of Montreal.

Pleasure and Profit at low cost. Of special interest to Teachers, Students and Clergymen!

Send for free illustrated Booklet. Address Secretary, 18 McGill College Ave., Montreal.

THE

QUEEN'S ROYAL

Niagara-on-the-Lake

OPENS JUNE 12.

Military Camp, June 16.

Annual Military Camp Ball, Thursday, June 24.

LILAC LODGE.

New management for season 1909. Beautifully situated, overlooking Rice Lake. Quiet and Homelike, excellent service, good fishing and boating. For further particulars address "Lilac Lodge," Gores Landing, Ontario.

JOHN KAY COMPANY

A Bureau on Sheraton Lines

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LIMITED

36 and 38 KING STREET WEST

SOCIETY

ON Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock, Miss Olive Minola Smith, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Smith, was married to Mr. Dixie C. Cotton, third son of Mrs. S. A. Cotton, of Rusholme road. The wedding took place at the residence of the bride's parents, 45 Roxborough street west, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Alexander Macmillan, pastor of Mimico Presbyterian church, who kindly consented to take the place of their pastor, Rev. Dr. G. M. Milligan, whose much regretted illness prevented his attendance. The ceremony took place under a canopy of white roses and smilax, with a background of palms and ferns. The bride wore an empire gown of embroidered net over silk with court train and tulle veil trimmed with pearls, and wore a wreath of orange blossoms. She carried a shower boquet of roses and lily of the valley, a gift from Zetland Masonic Lodge, of which her father is an officer. The bridesmaid was her sister, Miss Diana Smith, who wore an empire gown of cream silk colienne and a cream hat trimmed with pink and white flowers, and carried a boquet of Bridesmaids pink roses. The groomsman was Mr. John W. Maguire. Miss Isabel Sneath played the wedding march from "Lohengrin." The gifts to the bride, bridesmaid, and groomsman were, respectively, a pearl ring, a pearl pin, and a pearl tie pin.

Captain and Mrs. Burnham will leave next month for Halifax, where Captain Burnham will be stationed.

Mrs. George Murphy has returned to Ottawa.

Mrs. Arthur Spragge and her daughter, Miss Florence, will spend the summer at Golden, B.C.

Mrs. Moncrieff, of Buffalo, has been visiting Mrs. Taylor, 41 Bernard avenue.

Mrs. Macdougall, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Walker Bell, returned to Montreal this week.

The marriage of Mr. Jack Rolph, of Toronto, and Miss Marjorie German, of Welland, was celebrated in the church of the Jesuit Martyrs, in Welland, on Wednesday afternoon.

To-day closes the very successful May meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club. This afternoon at half-past two occurs the marriage of Miss Madele Pearson and Mr. Brophy, followed by a reception at the home of the bride's father.

I have just heard of an engagement soon to be announced between a sweet and popular girl from the Annex and a young man residing on the east side. There is an epidemic of betrothals in the air. A rumor of the engagement of a very wealthy widow from the west side and a widower from the east side is the latest.

Miss Gladys Murton is in town for the Races, and has been at the Woodbine several times, looking very handsome.

The second dinner given at Fallingbrook by Their Excellencies last week was perhaps even more enjoyable than the first. The decorations were particularly beautiful, and as usual when Garrity does them, original. His Excellency took the head of the table in the dining-room, and Her Excellency presided in the sun-parlor.

I heard a man at the Woodbine on Wednesday waxing very wroth at some of the other men who were carelessly expectorating on the lawn. It certainly is rather a tragedy to think of some of the exquisite gowns trailing over turf thus befouled. It should scarcely be necessary to ask men to be more considerate.

Mr. and Mrs. George McConnell, of Philadelphia, have been at the King Edward during Race week.

This afternoon a floral fete in aid of St. Monica's church, of which Rev. Robert Gay is incumbent, will be opened in Balmy Beach Club House, foot of Beech avenue, by Mrs. Sweeny, wife of the Archbishop. A very good programme is arranged for the fete.

The announcement of the engagement of two of the members of the Candida company leads one to recall the fact that on the first competition for the Governor-General's Trophy two of the Winnipeg victors announced their engagement shortly after, and that a couple of the players in Colonel Denison's company did the same thing, and are now happily married and proud parents. His Excellency is quite pleased over these happy results of his venture, and the anticipation of further match-making does not trouble him a bit.

The Westerners Company are giving performances of their capital little opera on June 4 and 5 in the Princess Theatre, and those who did not see this home-made, home-played and successful effort should make a point of doing so. The acting, singing, and stage setting will be a surprise to Torontonians who don't realize our home talent.

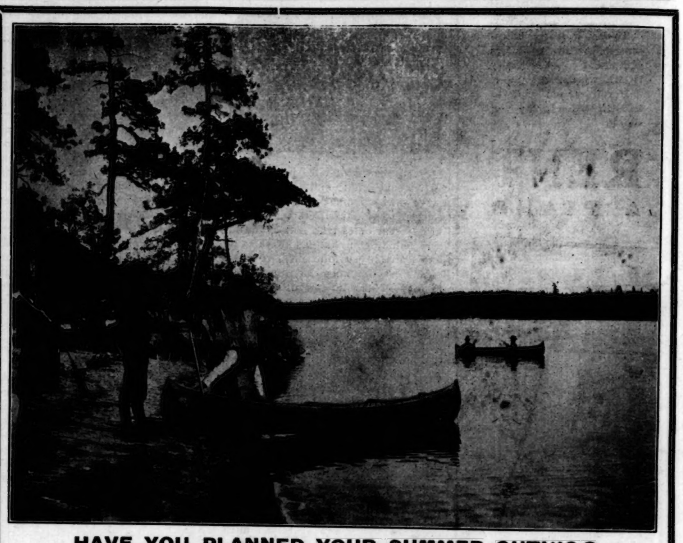
An incident of Her Excellency's motor trip through the fruit farms district last week is being told in print. The story goes that seeing a pretty flower growing by the roadside, Her Excellency wanted a root of it, and while the chauffeur was digging it up, a farmer's wife came out and forbade him to continue. The woman furthermore indulged in some very frank remarks about "Yankee tourists." It was suggested recently that Lord Grey should tour the country and give the people a chance to see and hear him. If he took his Countess with him, our suburban population might learn enough not to make further mistakes.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pearson are moving to the Island directly. Mr. and Mrs. Aemelius Jarvis are going over next week. Mrs. H. D. Warren is going to sell her Island house, "Edgewater." Mrs. J. S. McMurray has gone to Winnipeg to visit Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McMurray.

Those attendants at the Trinity Lenten lectures who have had the pleasure of listening to Dr. Francis Waters, in his eloquent and masterly discourses, were shocked to hear of his sudden death on Tuesday. Dr. Waters was entering his office when he was seized with heart failure, expiring almost at once.

ROUND TRIP EXCURSIONS AT LOW RATES

To Seattle, Wash.; Portland, Ore.; Tacoma, Wash.; Everett, Wash.; Bellingham, Wash.; Victoria, B.C.; Vancouver, B.C.; San Francisco, Cal.; Los Angeles, Cal., etc. Good going daily until Sept. 30. Return limit Oct. 31, 1909. For tickets and full information call at Grand Trunk City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.



HAVE YOU PLANNED YOUR SUMMER OUTING?

There are two important details to settle in connection with your vacation:

First—Where to go.

Second—How to go.

The answer to the first of these questions in the minds of most Torontonians is "Muskoka."

As to the second question, "How to go"—you'll get the most authoritative answer by asking people who have traveled to and from Muskoka via the C.P.R. and also by other routes.

People who KNOW, by reason of such experience, will tell you that the comfortable, clean, convenient and quick route to Muskoka is the "C.P.R."

"The Railway that is in touch with the Finest Summer Resorts.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

For full information apply to any ticket agent, or write D. L. Thompson, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

Bulloch, Lade & Co's

"GOLD LABEL"

Scotch Whisky

The brand with a world-known reputation for quality and absolute purity.

JOHN HOPE & CO.

Sole Agents for Canada

For sale by all leading Wine Merchants.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

BOWIE—At Brockville, on May 21st, 1909, to Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Bowie, a daughter.

LAIDLAW—On Monday, May 31, 1909, at 7 Clarendon Crescent, the wife of John B. Laidlaw, of a son.

ALGATE—On Friday, May 28th, 1909, at 626 Shaw street, to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Algate, a son.

MARRIAGES.

COTTON—SMITH—At the residence of the bride's parents, 45 Roxborough street west, Toronto, on Tuesday, June 1, 1909, by Rev. Alexander Macmillan, Olive Minola, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Smith, to Dixie Cox Cotton.

DEATHS.

SMITH—On Sunday, May 30, 1909, at the residence of her son-in-law, George J. Cuthbertson, 3 Dunbar road, Toronto, Jane Armour, widow of the late John B. Smith, aged 77 years.

MACFARLANE—On May 31st, 1909, at 22 Grosvenor street, Toronto, Isabella A. (Bella), daughter of the late R. H. Oates.

Phone

W. H. STONE CO.

UNDERTAKERS

32 CARLTON ST.

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UNDERTAKER

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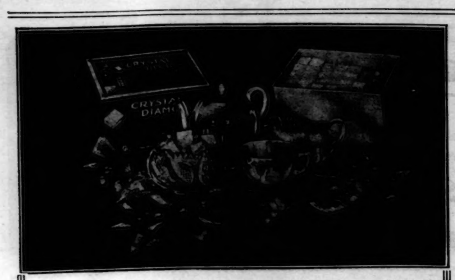

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FOR THE TEA TABLE

"Crystal Diamonds" are the finest table sugar produced and are the result of 30 years' experience in sugar refining. In attractive 5 pound cartons and also by the pound.

THE ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO., Limited, MONTREAL

For High Class Bath Room Fixtures

nothing manufactured on the continent is as artistic is design, as elegant in finish, as beautiful in color, as practical in construction, and as sanitary, as

"ALEXANDRA" WARE

The Standard Ideal Company Ltd

Sales Offices and Show Rooms Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg

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25¢ PER PACKAGE

ALBANY CIGARETTE

F. L. Smith, (Regd)

A High Grade Smoke of Distinctively Delicate Flavor

MADE BY C. & E. HAWKINS · MONTREAL

For Sale in Toronto by

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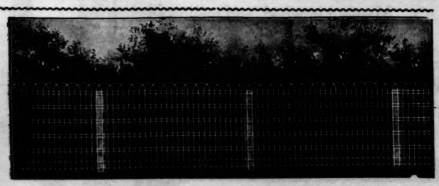

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Society at the Capital

A SERIES of very bright and congenial gatherings were given in close succession last week in special honor of a popular bride-elect, Miss Ida Hughes, whose marriage to Mr. Guy Toller came off on Wednesday, June 2. The first of these was a small but very jolly dinner party at the Golf Club, of which Mr. Howard Hutcheson was the host.

On the following day the Misses Haycock, of Russell avenue, invited a large number of Miss Hughes's friends to meet her at the tea-hour, when Mrs. N. A. Belcourt and Mrs. Fred Booth poured tea and coffee, and all the bright girls and several of the younger matrons availed themselves of the opportunity of wishing the bride-elect all possible happiness in her future life. On Wednesday Mrs. Godfrey Greene, Jr., Mr. Toller's sister, made Miss Hughes the principal guest of a very well-arranged little luncheon, when the others invited were Mrs. Fred Booth, Mrs. Hamnett Hill, Miss Lily McGee, Miss Ottilie Fellowes, Miss Kitty Haycock, and Miss Helen Coutlee.

The next event in Miss Hughes's honor was a dinner at the Golf Club on Thursday evening, which was given by Mr. Willis O'Connor, whose other guests were Miss Nanno Hughes, Miss Lily McGee, Miss Katherine Moore, Miss Elma Reid, Miss Lilias Ahearn, Mr. Guy Toller, Mr. D. J. McDougall, Mr. Dick Wright, Mr. D'Arcy McGee and Mr. Howard Hutcheson. Others who entertained in the same interesting cause were Mrs. Roberts-Allan, who gave a bridge, and Miss Ada Davison at an informal little tea, and Miss McGee will continue the list on Monday at the tea-hour.

The Golf Club has been the scene of a more than usually large number of pleasant luncheons during the past few days. Mrs. Crombie was one of the hostesses who entertained there on Thursday in honor of Miss Fitzrandolph, of Fredericton, N.B., Mrs. Vernon Eaton's sister, and Mrs. Fred Powell's bright mid-day gathering in the early part of the week included the following guests: Madame Lemieux, Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mrs. John Gilmour, Miss Amy McLymont, of Montreal, and Mrs. John G. Foster.

Mrs. and Miss Howard, of London, England, who, with Mr. Howard, have been the guests of Hon. W. S. and Mrs. Fielding during the week, were the *causes d'etre* of another most delightfully arranged luncheon at the same charming spot, which is looking particularly lovely just now. The table was aglow with bright yellow and some of the guests were Mrs. E. C. Grant, Mrs. Godfrey Greene, Mrs. Leslie Macoun, Mrs. David Gilmour, the Misses Gwen and Constance Anderson, Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick, Miss Elizabeth Borden, Miss Chadwick. Miss Fielding also entertained at a smart little dinner at the Golf Club on Wednesday evening in honor of the same English visitors.

Mrs. Allan B. Aylesworth was the special guest of a charmingly arranged mid-day repast, given by Mrs. John G. Foster, wife of the American Consul-General on Thursday, when a number of the friends of the former had an opportunity of wishing her *bon voyage* on the eve of her departure with her husband, the Minister of Justice, for England and the continent, where they expect to remain until probably next spring. Mrs. Foster's guests included Madame Lemieux, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mrs. (Col.) Irwin, Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. H. Allan Bate, Mrs. John Gilmour, Mrs. P. D. Ross, Mrs. George H. Perley, Mrs. George Burn and Mrs. McMurrich, of Toronto.

Mrs. R. L. Borden on Friday added another enjoyable luncheon to the already long list which she has contributed this season at her home in Wurtenburg street. Her guests on this occasion were Mrs. J. S. Ewart, Mrs. J. G. Foster, Mrs. P. D. Ross, Mrs. Remon, Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mrs. T. Cameron Bate, Mrs. Charles Reade, Mrs. Hazen Hansard, Mrs. Grierson, Mrs. Phillpotts and Miss Moylan. Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden expect to sail for England on June 18 via the Empress of Britain for a stay of several months.

His Excellency Lord Grey will sail for England on the Empress of Ireland on June 4, and will be accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. Arthur Sladen, and Capt. Newton, A.D.C., the latter of whom, every one is sorry to hear, will probably not return to Canada during the regime of the present Governor-General. On the same steamship Hon. W. S. Fielding, Mr. and Mrs. Harold McGiverin, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses St. Denis Lemoine and Miss Lola Powell have also taken passage and will spend a summer abroad.

Among other Ottawans who will leave for the Old Country during the month are Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Anderson and Miss Constance Anderson, who are sailing on June 11; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. A. Fraser, the Misses Fraser and Mr. Alec Fraser, who sail via the Celtic on the 5th to spend a year travelling abroad; and Hon. G. P. Graham and Hon. Sir Frederick Borden, both of whom have taken passage on the Empress of Britain, sailing on the 18th. Mr. J. S. Ewart and Miss Kathleen Ewart sailed on the same steamer with Hon. A. B. and Mrs. Aylesworth at the end of the week.

The new Country Club, which has such beautiful quarters on the Aylmer road, will be opened this week with a large afternoon reception, to which nearly five hundred invitations have been sent out and which promises to be one of the smartest events of the summer. Several dinner parties at this attractive rendezvous are *en train* for the present week.

A few most delightful teas were on the week's social programme, one of the largest of which was given by Lady Davies on Friday for her visitor, Miss Palmer, of Montreal. Other hostesses who contributed these ever popular entertainments were Mrs. Vernon Eaton, who invited her friends to meet her sister, Miss Fitzrandolph, on Wednesday; Miss Marjorie Blair, who on the same afternoon gave a small tea for her sister, Mrs. Walter Clarke, of Montreal, and Mrs. A. L. Jarvis, whose guest of honor was Mrs. Le Moyne, of Montreal, who spent the week with Mrs. Wolfred Wurtele.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, May 31, 1909.

New Hearts for the Old Way.

WE are called. We hear. Be this the single test—
Give we our best?
Doth there from meadow, street, and school arise
A dust of toil, a steam of sacrifice?
Have we a lodestar to light fainting eyes
With solemn hest?

An Empire's might, not proved by wail or blood
But widening good,
A might to lift the weak, to guide the strong,
To make day quicken from the night of wrong—
Be this with us as love or light or song
Or daily food.

Not with fond sigh or dream that peace is here
Shall we uprear
That peace which comes of soul attuned to stress,
Of armored calm and iron gentleness,
Of valiant youth, and wisdom skilled to bless,
And woman's cheer.

So peals the question riving our long rest—
Give we our best?
Arm we with zeal and labor that the day
Of ultimate battle find us not at play?
Ay, with new hearts to dare the old great way
We yet shall hold, by gift of each man's best,
Our sires' bequest.

—Archibald Fox, in The Spectator.

THE Paris critic, Martin, once only had taken his chocolate in a place other than the Cafe Foy, and he then found it not good. This happened at the Regence, and the young woman at the desk, to whom he expressed his displeasure, said: "You are the only one to complain. All of the gentlemen of the court who come here find it good." "They also say, perhaps, that you are pretty," he replied, slowly.

AT a pageant recently given in Shropshire commemorating Britain at the time of the Roman occupation, a young woman spoke to a tall, burly, and shivering man whose Roman toga hardly protected him from a raw, penetrating east wind.

"Are you Appius Claudius?" she asked, eagerly.

"Me, miss?" he replied, dismally. "Me 'appy as Claudius? Oh no, miss. I'm un'appy as 'ell!"

The Honorary Governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. James Lumbers and Mr. Geo. H. Gooderham, M.P.P.

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The men of Canada are especially well pleased with the "GILLETTE," and take not a little pride in the fact that it is made by Canadians in the Canadian factory at Montreal.

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We make it in several qualities of leather, but all have our fine finish.

FOR MEN

Smooth Grain	18 inch,	$10.00;	20 inch,	$11.00
Natural Grain	18 "	14.00;	20 "	15.00
Black Sea Lion	18 "	23.00;	20 "	26.00

FOR LADIES

Smooth Grain	16 inch,	$ 8.50
Natural Grain	16 "	10.00
Black Sea Lion	16 "	18.00

Other styles in the same leathers, from $4.00 up.

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You get a perfect circulation of pure, cold, dry air in a

"EUREKA" HOUSEHOLD REFRIGERATOR

and your food will always be sweet and wholesome, because of our patented system of air circulation that keeps every cubic inch of air constantly "on the move" and carries away all impurities in the waste water. No stagnant air can remain, while the air is kept so dry that wet matches left in the food compartment over night are dry and ready to light in the morning.

The "Eureka" is lined either with Odorless Spruce, coated with pure shellac, or genuine enamel, either of which is much superior to zinc or galvanized iron, which corrode quickly and emit an objectionable poisonous odor.

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Heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness, then cover with strawberries and serve with milk or cream, adding sugar to suit the taste. Try it for dessert in place of soggy white flour short-cake and other pastries. The Biscuit is equally delicious and wholesome with other berries or fresh fruits in season. Many persons who cannot eat strawberries or other fresh fruit without distress find them very nourishing and satisfying in combination with Shredded Wheat Biscuit. Our new illustrated cook book is sent free for the asking.

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It Entirely Removes and Prevents ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, IRRITATION, ETC.

It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT

The Men in Buckram

(*Continued from page 9.*)

for Roger was rolling in the saddle.

On came Roger, riding as men ride with white fear at their elbow, and—

"Hold you, sir!" cried the King, and Sir Roger turned his foaming, spur-galled steed, crying—

"Ah, good my lord, aid!"

"Aid whom?" cried the King.

"The Lady Elinor. For she is dead!" gasped Roger, whose reason was left on the hillside.

"Dead?" The three roared out the word together.

"Aye, good my lord. Dead, my good lord. Slain by the Welsh."

"*Mort de Dieu!*" growled the King, drawing back. "Where, then, wert thou?"

"I—I could not save her, my lord," Sir Roger stammered.

"And so saved yourself. Humph! A bridegroom!" says the Earl of Lincoln.

"Do I learn that you fled?" said the King.

"Oh, good my lord, they were on us! She sillily let her palfrey go—they were fairly upon us; they were four to one. What else was I to do?"

Then the King tapped him on the shoulder and pointed across the mead. Briskly a little troop was coming.

"Where was your lady slain?" cried Sir Stephen.

"She lies beyond the march. God assoil her!" says Roger, and crossed himself. "You dare not venture, sir."

"I? *Tete du diable!* I? Dare not?" spluttered Sir Stephen.

The King put a hand on his arm and drew him away, nodding at the riders. Nearer they came and nearer, and certainly you guess who they were.

"To me, gentlemen!" cried the King, and the four looked at each other, and—

"Nor was this in the plan, either," muttered Sir Harry.

The King went out to meet them. The King handed the lady down all blushing to earth, and as Bertram swung down stalwart beside her—

"Bertram? *Pardi!* I might have guessed it," he said with a smile. Then more gravely: "Lady, I fear you have been in sore danger."

The Lady Elinor fell before him in a curtsy and said in a low voice—

"So please you, my lord; but for this, my love"—she laid her hand in Bertram's arm and blushed—"I had been dead."

And Sir Roger de Belesme fell a-gaping.

"Bertram was there?" said the King.

"By your leave, sir, 'tis well he was!" cried Sir Harry. "We others were riding on the march in hope of some small affray. Certain rogues in yellow we saw beset the lady, and Sir Roger nobly fled. We, alack! were too far from these knaves to aid. But for Sir Bertram, who saved her alone, unhelmed, unshielded, beating down two, I do not know where now she had been." And that was most true.

"Sir Harry forgets that he and his friends scattered a company of Welsh footmen," said Bertram.

"A right brave charge," said the lady, and Sir Harry grew very red, and he and his friends appeared uncomfortable.

"You were in danger. I am sorry," Harry muttered.

"But how came Bertram there?" said the Earl of Lincoln.

"My lord, I feared for my love."

"Knowing that rogue De Belesme? Right."

The King took the lady's hand. "Lady Elinor, I have come nigh to doing you a great wrong," he said, and she bowed her head and did not gainsay it. He laid her hand in Bertram's. "Now let it be mine at least to do this." And the man and the maid looked each in the other's eyes.

And Sir Roger de Belesme slunk away.

Now, Sir Harry in his lodging spoke with his fellows thus: "Thank the Virgin we were asked no questions!" and they laughed aloud. "But how a pox could I tell there would be real Welsh?" And they laughed louder. And all the while upon the hilltop *vestes de buckramo in flammis et igne solvebantur*, saith Fulke, which means, being interpreted, "the buckram coats burnt smokily."

So ends this moral tale. Observe herein, I pray you, how one sin leads to another. But for the King's hurry there had been no need for Sir Harry to make fiction, nor spend his money on buckram coats, nor had two real Welshmen gone home with broken heads.

THE other day a little girl in Glasgow, who was out giving her baby brother an airing, met the minister's lady, who said to her:

"What a pretty baby, Maggie. I think I'll ask your mother to give him to me."

"A'm no' shair if ma maw wad gi'e him awa'," said Maggie. Then she added: "Bit she micht gi'e ye a paper pattern if ye'd ask her."

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